

The Sketch



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SIXPENCE.
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MISS ELLALINE TERRISS SINGING "A LITTLE BIT OF STRING"
IN "THE CIRCUS GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

A millionaire oracle has been telling us how he amassed his fortune. The recipe is very simple: go to bed at ten o'clock. Evidently millions are not for me, because that is the hour of the evening when I begin to wake to the importance of the day. There is a new book to be read—for, strange as it may seem, some reviewers *do read*—an exchange of ideas with a stimulating controversialist, peradventure a harmless excursion into nocturnal life. I admit that it is no programme for the noctambulist whose routine recalls the nights in "Tom and Jerry." I have only vague recollections of that masterpiece, the rude delights of upsetting ancient watchmen, tipping in bar-parlours, love-making with Corinthian damsels in the high waists of the period; but I vividly remember an evening at the Marylebone Theatre, where the pranks of Mr. Pierce Egan's heroes were presented to an audience who followed them with no responsive gaiety. Tom and Jerry and their companions appeared to enjoy themselves amazingly in various haunts of fashion and high spirits; but the fun was not infectious. Marylebone sat demure and still, looking oppressively virtuous and dull. I thought at the time that philanthropists who wanted to give their young friends a distaste for the *joie de vivre* might have played a bold stroke by taking them to see Mr. Egan's epic of London life, as it was represented on the stage.

But that is nothing to the disenchantments which lie in ambush for an unsuspecting middle-age. Long ago I used to sit at the feet of Gamaliel, who was then the ecclesiastical father of the ballet. With a breadth of mind, and a richness of fancy, unusual in a clergyman, he was wont to discourse in print on the higher mysteries of the dancing-girl's art. He would sit in the stalls of the Alhambra, and pilot disciples through the mazes of the ballet till they felt like Theseus in the labyrinth, clinging to the thread of an expansive theology. Then they went home, and wrote articles for the evening papers, revelling in a sublimity which made the most ethereal "planes" of theosophy look like vulgar thoroughfares. Dancing was a noble, even a pious vocation. The compilers of the Old Testament had unaccountably overlooked the Book of Miriam, Miriam who danced before the Ark, and whose technique would be lost to us but for the scientific imagination of our Alhambra Prophet. I cannot tell you now how Miriam danced; but there was a time when every man of us could trace the evolution of the ballet from the first prancing of the protoplasm on the shore of a prehistoric sea. Dost recall those halcyon days, O Henrico Normano, before thou wert abstracted from the philosophy of grace by the abhorred tentacles of foreign politics? Gamaliel himself yielded the palm to Henrico, who frequently astonished the readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* with dissertations on the unearthly genius of the *première danseuse* of the hour. I have seen them, sober City gentlemen, speeding on the Underground Railway towards their hearths, and, after a startled perusal of one of Henrico's articles, getting out at the wrong station with the air of men whom a sense of public duty compels to telegraph home the news that they are detained in town by important business. And what could be more important to citizens than the grand theological ballet of Theseus and the Thread?

Alas, all this is the beautiful, the irretrievable past! The evening papers are no longer hallowed by Henrico's eloquence. When he writes, it is of China, Russia, and the Manchurian railway! No more are the subtleties of the *ballerina* unfolded to the City gentlemen, who, I presume, invariably arrive home for dinner. And Gamaliel? When last I heard of him he was a County Councillor, or a member of the London School Board, useful but ungainly bodies, quite ignorant, I fear, of the Book of Miriam. I have not learned that he has proposed to the County Council to make dancing a province of the Works Committee, or called upon the School Board to put ballet-masters on the rates. It may be that I am doing him injustice, and that in some secret way he is still serving the cause which a faithful few once made a vivid department of social ethics; but, with no visible sign of his influence, I have fallen into the disenchantment of middle-age I spoke of anon. A few nights ago, at ten o'clock, instead of sleeping the sleep of the millionaire, I was gazing at a ballet, and wondering whither had gone the ancient raptures. Of old the disciples, sitting in a row, would follow these steps with the precision of mathematicians set to poetry. A *pas de quatre* became a quadratic equation manœuvring in drapery. If this seems a little obscure, that is due to the circumstance that one of us habitually expressed himself in a sort of algebraic ecstacy, murmuring, "Ah! this is indeed the *n*th heaven!"

But now I was quite prosaic. Could this gyrating medley of arms and legs be the image of grace that was the *assoluta* of my ideals? Where I once saw sonnets I now beheld exaggerated muscles. The movements that used to be so rich in poetic suggestion now seemed as stale as yesterday's newspapers. Does anybody really care to see this hideous tripping on the upright toes—hideous because it is not *dancing* at all, but a misuse of joints, like the antics of a contortionist? And then the rapid whirl round the stage, the same old peroration, as it were, the empty rhetoric of the performance, ending with a complacent smile in the ridiculous fifth position which makes the dancer almost squat upon her heels! Can no inventive ballet-master improve this superannuated trick off the boards? A *danseuse* is neither a gymnast nor a humming-top. Infinite pains are taken with new combinations of the *corps de ballet*; but when the *assoluta* makes her imperious way through the crowd, and the stage is cleared for her perfections, you see nothing but the antiquated twists and twirls which might be produced by an expert hand up in the "flies" working a lay figure with a wire. Well, you are not to take this rank treason too seriously. It simply illustrates the sad state of a man, upheld no longer by algebra and the Church, who sinks from the heights of beautiful illusion into the bitterest cynicism. Return, Gamaliel and Henrico, to your early love, and then I may see the ballet again with your inspired eyes!

When a lieutenant in the Guards, seated in the library of Windsor Castle, reading the "History of Dorsetshire," is favoured by the apparition of Queen Elizabeth, what may this portend? In earlier times such an incident would have been canvassed by society and literature, and even mentioned in Parliament and the pulpit. Why should we ignore the sign which has been vouchsafed to a Guardsman, a studious youth, as his father avers with just pride, a sportsman who can yet find leisure for important historical works? Knowing little about Dorsetshire myself—I remember vaguely that David James used to say "Inferior Dosset!" to the pat of butter which he found in Charles Middlewick's garret; but, of course, this has no bearing on the significance of Dorsetshire to a scholastic lieutenant—I say it is evident that the Guardsman's researches moved the regal spectre to unwonted condescension. She does not appear to everybody; the librarian at Windsor is ignored, though the poor man waits patiently among his books for a royal visitation from the tomb. We are cast upon conjecture, and my humble suggestion is that the apparition heralds the rise of some champion of women, some Dorsetshire Joan of Arc, probably milking cows just now in that county, who shall combine the military spirit of the Guards with the masculine statecraft of Elizabeth. Sceptical minds which run in grooves will receive this with incredulity, possibly with derision; but it is not the only portent.

Last week I remarked that wild Amazons should not drag from me my opinion of women's suffrage; and I am confirmed in this discretion by a correspondent who calls my attention to a portrait in a window in Fleet Street, a portrait of "Hattie Baker, the Female Boxing Champion." This may cause many a manly cheek to blench! Why don't the women's suffrage associations send portraits of Hattie Baker to Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Labouchere? How can we go on boasting that men monopolise the physical force of the nation when that window in Fleet Street gives us such a warning? I expect to hear that Hattie Baker has been engaged for election meetings. When some slim young candidate is declaring that he cannot vote for women's suffrage, because this is inconsistent with the martial supremacy of manhood, it would be distinctly awkward for him if Hattie were to rise from the back of the platform and challenge him to a couple of rounds! The Female Boxing Champion cannot impress the House of Commons from the Ladies' Gallery, because she would be hidden by the lattice; but suppose she were to send in her card to the most bulky occupant of the Front Opposition Bench, and invite him to a few minutes' discussion in Palace Yard? *And suppose that Hattie, or her ancestry, hails from Dorsetshire?*

I hope the leaders of the women's suffrage movement will ponder these things. In old days, when men meditated insurrection, they prepared themselves by secret drill. When it is whispered that Hattie Baker has been engaged to give lessons in pugilism to leagues of resolute ladies, men may look at one another with haggard faces, and ask whether the fortress of masculine authority can be held. Then, no doubt, the ghost of Boadicea will appear to some young militiaman. It is said, by the way, that Charles I. sometimes walks at Windsor without exhibiting his martyred person. This may illustrate for students the disingenuous policy of that monarch, but it lacks the vital symbolism of Elizabeth.



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THE NAPOLEON BOOM.

There seems to be no limits to the boom in Napoleonic literature. The latest contributions to it are both English. Although it is not easy to say anything about Napoleon's life which is really new, Mr. Lew Rosen has elaborated a novel aspect of his career. "I purpose," he says, in his preface to "Napoleon's Opera-Glass" (Elkin Mathews), "to treat of Napoleon as a theatre-goer, as a critic and patron of the drama, and as a familiar of playwrights and players. I intend to show that he was himself a master actor on important occasions and an artist in histrionic effects." The two things are entirely apart, but Mr. Rosen treats them sometimes as if they were not, the result being an occasional muddle. As to the great man's opinions on the stage and on dramatic literature, they were pretty frequently absurd. "Comedy," he said to a playwright one day, "corrects no one. The vices put on the stage are always so brilliant that people rather imitate them than otherwise." But humour was not his strong point. "If 'Tartufe' had been written in my time," he said, "I would not have allowed it to be represented," which has the real flavour of the tyrant's dictum, crass stupidity. "I should like to be my own posterity," he modestly remarked on another occasion to his brother Joseph. "I should like to be present at a performance where a poet like the great Corneille would make me breathe again, and think, and speak." "Madame Sans-Gêne" seems but a poor result of his careful preparation of his person and utterances for the purposes of the stage. Of course, Mr. Rosen is right in amplifying the accusation Pius VII. hurled at the Emperor—"Comédiant! Tragédiant!" Napoleon was so to the most unblushing, the most ridiculous extent. Most of his words and deeds had a double action—one for their ostensible purpose, one to face the world with. He was a prince of advertisers, a prodigy among stage-managers; with his "get-up" he took endless pains; his "notices" were of breathless interest to him. He said he loved power "as an artist"; but he was wrong; he loved it as an actor-manager—a very different thing. Perhaps no indictment of Napoleon has ever made him appear quite so petty, so absurd, as this, and it is not quite fair. But a book written to support a point of view, as this is, is bound to exaggerate and mislead. Napoleon was naturally eloquent; his Southern birth, apart from histrionic instinct, was enough to account for some rhetoric; and I think that it is a pity to include in a book whose sole end is to reveal his posings, his weary words when he was dying in St. Helena, "Close my windows. Leave me to myself. I will send for you by-and-by. What a delightful thing rest is! I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world."

Much more important is the picture of Napoleon to be found in "The Narrative of Captain Coignet, Soldier of the Empire, 1776-1850" (Chatto and Windus), which has been edited from the original manuscript by Lorédan Larchey, and translated from the French by Mrs. M. Carey. Some doubt was shown, on the first publication of "Captain Coignet," as to the absolute authenticity of the narrative. But there seems no doubt at all that the manuscript, now jealously preserved at Auxerre, was really written by a very notable soldier of the Empire, and those who set out to weave romances based on this most adventurous period of French history will find ample material in the quaint, simply told record, written out by the old soldier whose *états de service* to his country, as actually preserved at the French Ministry of War, include active service at Montebello, Marengo, the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian campaigns, the retreat from Moscow—in a word, sixteen campaigns, and something like a hundred fights. A touch which brings vividly to mind how short a space separated the Old and the New Régimes is the fact, noted by Coignet, that, at a review held in 1804, the First Consul was mounted on a white horse which had once been ridden by Louis XVI. Another point which stands out clearly in these curious memoirs is the fact that, great as was "le Petit Caporal" in the estimation of his soldiers, his personality by no means overshadowed that of his generals, and Coignet devotes far more attention to his own immediate commanders than he does to Napoleon: Maréchal Ney, Murat, Davoust, Bernadotte, Maréchal Lannes, and many others whose names are scarcely known to-day, pass and repass through these note-books. It is significant that in the Captain's short account of the battle which decided the fate of Europe the name Waterloo is not once mentioned. Coignet was one of those who accompanied the Emperor to Charleroi after all was over. This is the account of his last sight of the General he had served so long and so faithfully—

An old open carriage had been got ready for him, and some carts for his staff. At last the Emperor came out into the great court where we were all gathered together in the greatest state of anxiety. He asked for a glass of wine; it was handed to him on a large plate; he drank it, then saluted us, and started off. We were never to see him again.

Mrs. Carey is to be congratulated on her translation. She has preserved the simplicity and directness of the original narrative, no easy task when it is considered that Coignet, though the manuscript was more or less edited by M. Larchey, was an illiterate man.



From the Cover of "Captain Coignet."

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Mrs. Oscar Beringer's curtain-raiser at the Court, "A Bit of Old Chelsea," is pretty and pathetic. A young artist who was clearing decks for matrimony—burning the love-letters and tokens that most of us accumulate lightly and give up reluctantly—suddenly found himself curiously assailed by the Old Adam. Kindness of heart, or other motive, caused him to bring into his room late at night a pretty flower-girl, who, but for her Cockney speech, would be one of the flower-girls that one dreams of vainly. The girl, a kind of Una, was touched by his kindness, and also very unwilling to go out again into cruel night. The artist was staggered by her proposed tax on his hospitality, and possibly doubtful of her intentions. However, he was too gallant to turn her out, so she took the bed and he the sofa, and when some reckless young artists burst into the room and tried to be rude to the girl he championed her vigorously.

Sleep was laggard in coming to the quaintly situated pair, and so they gossiped, and he told her of his approaching marriage with Millicent, "the best girl" in the world. "Saucers," the flower-girl, had begun to weave a little romance, which was cut cruelly short by this announcement. When, at last, sleep overcame the artist, she discharged her bosom by gusts of jealousy and tears. At last the idea came into her mind that her presence in the chamber of the already engaged young man, who had been so kind to her, might harm him. So she got up reluctantly, donned her shawl and immense hat, put what remained of her stock-in-trade into a vase as a souvenir, kissed the sleeper, and crept out, and I fear that the thought of that evening prevented her from ever marrying any "bloke" from her court. Miss Annie Hughes acted admirably as Saucers, and Mr. Edmund Maurice played excellently as the artist. "Sweet Nancy," which followed, is as sweet as ever. The Court programme, indeed, is exceedingly good.



MR. CHARLES COLLETTE.

The reopening of the Strand Theatre has brought back at least three players who have long been absent from the stage. Mr. J. S. Clarke, though he figures only as manager, has been so touched by the kindly memories of him that he has thanked his patrons in a nice, old-fashioned way in the newspapers. Miss Florence Gerard was dealt with last week, and now comes the turn of Mr. Charles Collette, who is so funny as Catesby Duff. Beginning life as an officer in the 3rd Dragoon Guards, he was gazetted on Nov. 5, 1861, and signed his first professional agreement on the same date seven years later, in 1868. Curiously enough,

when he made his first appearance in London, his first line was, "I wonder what they're saying about me at the War Office now!"; this was in a play called "Tame Cats," produced at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre in 1868. Mr. Collette's taste for the stage, like many another's, was awakened in India, and while his regiment was at Ahmadnagar in 1862 he produced the Strand burlesque of "Esmeralda." Since 1868 he has had a busy and useful dramatic life, but he still says his favourite parts are Sergeant Jones in "Ours," Colonel W. W. Wood in "The Colonel," Micawber in "Little Em'ly," Colonel Berners in "Cut Off with a Shilling," and Adonis Evergreen in "My Awful Dad." In '77 he took the late Charles Mathews' part in "The Critic" at a very short notice, and, though he went through untold agonies on so trying an ordeal, he came out with flying colours, and received the highest praise from the Press, and when Mr. Hollingshead revived the play he was cast for the same part. His versatile talents have led him to make many excursions from the land of the stage to the regions of the music-hall, and he has been one of the active factors in "elevating the halls." Most of Mr. Collette's entertainments are self-evolved, and he generally writes his own songs, fully realising the fact that a successful song is as difficult to get as a successful play, each being, as a rule, found by accident. Some years ago he wrote "What an Afternoon!" finishing the first two verses in about five minutes, and it was so successful that he was compelled to improvise encore verses on the platform, and the song soon realised several hundreds of pounds in royalties, and is even to-day a source of income to its writer and composer.

Mr. Frank Cooper, who is to be the Lefebvre in the production of "Madame Sans-Gêne" at the Lyceum, is now only in his fortieth year, and is a native of Worcester. His school-days were passed in Manchester and Oxford, and, being intended for an architect, he was placed in an office in Manchester, where he remained for only a very short time, for he found the dull daily routine of the desk not at all to his liking, and he soon decided to "go on the stage." His first appearance was made in his father's theatre in Oxford, and for some years he played all sorts

of parts in the provinces, first attracting notice when he played the lead at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, under the Nye-Chart régime. From there Mr. Cooper was engaged by Sir Henry Irving to play Laertes to his Hamlet when he opened the Lyceum Theatre, and as Ophelia's brother he had the honour and pleasure of leading Miss Terry on to the Lyceum stage for the first time. After remaining there for two years, he joined Miss Kate Santley at the Royalty, and at the close of her season went to the Court Theatre under Mr. Clayton, leaving there to join Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Haymarket. Later, he played in "Odette" and "She Stoops to Conquer" with Mrs. Langtry, and went as leading man to America with her on her first tour, and on Mrs. Langtry's return toured with her through the provinces. Then he was engaged by Mr. Wilson Barrett for the Princess's, but, after remaining with that manager for a year, he rejoined Mrs. Langtry, and on her re-opening in London played Cæsar and also Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra" at the Princess's. A season at the Adelphi followed, where he succeeded Mr. George Alexander in "London Day by Day," and also played in "The Green Bushes" before he rejoined Sir Henry Irving for his production of "King Lear." With him he has remained ever



MR. FRANK COOPER.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

since, playing such leading parts as Faust, Bassanio, Nemours, Richmond, and Posthumus, endowing each with attractions of voice, physique, and manner. Mr. Cooper is directly descended from the Kembles, for his mother was Agnes Kemble, granddaughter of Stephen; his father, Mr. Clifford Cooper, was a well-known actor and manager, and his brothers are also clever actors, one, Mr. Cooper Cliffe, being the Iachimo of the revival of "Cymbeline," and the second, Marcus Superbus, at the Lyric Theatre, during Mr. Barrett's holiday.

M. Philip Brozel has increased his reputation in London during the visit of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. It is only three years since the young Russian created quite a furore at the operatic performances at the Royal Academy of Music, as Canio in "Pagliacci," a rôle he has since immortalised at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and all over the country. In his first season of Royal Italian Opera he figured as Faust, and has since added to his repertoire Don José in "Carmen," the title-roles in "Tannhäuser," "Don Giovanni," Araquil in "La Navarraise," and Philemon in "Philemon and Baucis." About a year ago M. Brozel severed his connection with Royal Italian Opera, as he was anxious for some months' study; but, as soon as he was ready for work again, he was at once secured by the Carl Rosa Company, and has appeared as Romeo and Lohengrin, and will soon be heard in "The Meistersingers" and "Trovatore." M. Brozel is a native of St. Petersburg, and at the age of twelve years he was taken to a performance of "Les Huguenots," which made so great an impression upon him that his family feared his reason would

be affected. For some weeks the performance was always before him, and he vowed to go upon the stage, if only as a call-boy, but go on the boards he would. For some years parental authority prevailed, and he was forbidden the theatre. However, before he was sixteen he had run away from home, to begin his professional career in the chorus, and before he was twenty he had left his native land, never to be able to return. After many privations and almost heroic struggles, he came to London, and, by the aid of a kind and enthusiastic patron, he was enabled to enter the Royal Academy of Music, where he studied under Gustave Garcia and Arthur Oswald, and later under Signor Randegger, and last winter he worked at German opera under Mr. Henschel. When Leoncavallo was in London he happened to hear



M. PHILIP BROZEL.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

M. Brozel sing, and the great composer at once begged M. Brozel to create the part of Beppe at Covent Garden; but later on it was decided that he would not make his début quite so early, but that when he did it should be in the composer's masterpiece, and with Leoncavallo M. Brozel studied "Pagliacci."

LADY HAMILTON ON THE STAGE.

"The world's best men are often the victims of its worst women" is the philosopher's phrase which applies with no little truth to the history of Horatio Nelson and Emma Hart, which is told in play by Risdén Home, under the title of "Nelson's Enchantress," at the Avenue Theatre. It is a sad story, and a dull story, too, without the multitude of details, unrepresentable on the stage, which in real life render fascinating this extraordinary amour. Take the facts. Emma Hart, child of obscurity, after sad traffic of her lovely self, finds temporary home with the Honourable Charles Greville, whom she loves in her intense but not enduring fashion. After a while he wearies of her and her guiltless



LADY HAMILTON.

From the Engraving by Meyer, after Romney.

follies and escapades, and she is passed over to his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, and soon, yet too late, becomes his wife. At the Court of Naples she becomes bosom friend of the Queen, whom she outshines. Nelson arrives with the glamour of the great victory at Aboukir Bay on him. These two, Horatio and Emma, meet; they love; they declare their love. Each has a tie—he an irreproachable wife, and she the kindest and best of husbands; so they resolve to be friends, in a nice, simple way.

"And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury" is Dryden's line, which may be used in another sense. These two soon were false to their ties and their resolution, and the man whose watchword was "duty" forgot the most sacred so utterly that he came to believe that his honour ought to stand in dishonour. What a pitiful spectacle to put upon the stage—the greatest sea-captain of history in the toils of this privateer Love! Even if it were presented with true dramatic fire it would be painful and humiliating; and, alas! there is exceeding little redeeming dramatic fire—hardly so much, indeed, as the merest rushlight.

Sir William Hamilton, most guileless of husbands, and most cruelly deceived, dies, his death-bed tended by his sinful wife and doubly sinful friend, and, so far as the stage shows, the lovers, ignoring Nelson's wife, take up their lives together and spend part of their time in praying heaven to legitimise the situation by removing the hapless Lady Nelson. It would indeed be merciful of heaven to take away the woman who, as Mrs. Nisbet, was unhappy, and as Lady Nelson saw another woman enjoying the love and triumphs of her husband. The tale becomes positively humdrum, becomes as tediously domestic as if the lovers were respectable, middle-aged Darby and Joan. The great Admiral is called on active service, and, like many a man who has returned home safe and sound, has a presentiment that he is going to his death—possibly, though he had blinded himself in a marvellous manner to the truth concerning his life, some prickings of conscience suggested to him that punishment must come. So Nelson and Emma part from each other very pathetically.

Last act in this uneventful history: Lady Hamilton is waiting for news. It is cruel enough for the women who wait in these swift days of telegrams, but how fearful in the times when weeks must go by

after the battle before the women know what it has cost them! Lady Hamilton had a dream, and in it saw the tragic death in the cock-pit of the *Victory*. As an anti-climax there comes by human channels the news of Nelson's victory and death, and the tardy curtain falls. Lovers of great names will, I think, regret that it was ever raised. It is something, no doubt, to have seen Mrs. Patrick Campbell as "the divine creature," as the lovely Emma; but, so far as acting is concerned, one can but say that too light a burden was laid upon her. The picture presented by Mr. Forbes-Robertson as Nelson was most impressive, and his beautiful voice carried him well through the long scenes; but he, too, was little more than a lay figure, with none of that atmosphere of the gallant tar which must have been an essential part of the hero of Trafalgar. I fear that the verdict must be simply—a dull treatment of a painful subject.

After the sweet simplicity of white book-muslin, sashed with blue, and the reminiscent picturesqueness of the white silk "spinning-wheel" dress—which one of Romney's portraits of the famous beauty has made familiar—to say nothing of a serving-maid's frock of flowered chintz, with quaint loose jacket and frilled mob-cap, the new Lady Hamilton indulges in magnificent attire for the scene of the enthusiastic Embassy ball at Naples.

Her gown, which she herself describes as the smartest she has ever had, is of white satin, made in Empire fashion, and all a-glitter with a design in diamonds of sprays of flowers tied together by true-lovers' knots, while the corsage is crossed and recrossed by strings of the same flashing stones. The elbow-sleeves, of filmy white gauze where pink roses peep out, are met by long white gloves embroidered with diamonds, and, in effective contrast to this shining whiteness, there is a long train of yellow velvet, lined with blue satin, and bedecked with trails of pink roses tied with blue ribbon. This, by the way, is fastened round the waist by a jewelled girdle, and is removed when Lady Hamilton treads a stately measure with Nelson, in the scene where the King of Naples makes the hero Duke of Bronte.

The head-dress is notably becoming, a scarf of filmy lace being fastened round the beauty's ruddy curls, and tied in a loose bow over the right ear, while high above wave two white ostrich-tips, with pink roses clustering at their base.

After this, for the farewell with Nelson, she wears a blue slip, veiled with white tarlatan, and finished by a softly frilled fichu, but it is in the *négligé* of the last act that she is at her loveliest. Here she wears a



LADY HAMILTON AS MIRANDA.

From a Painting by Romney.

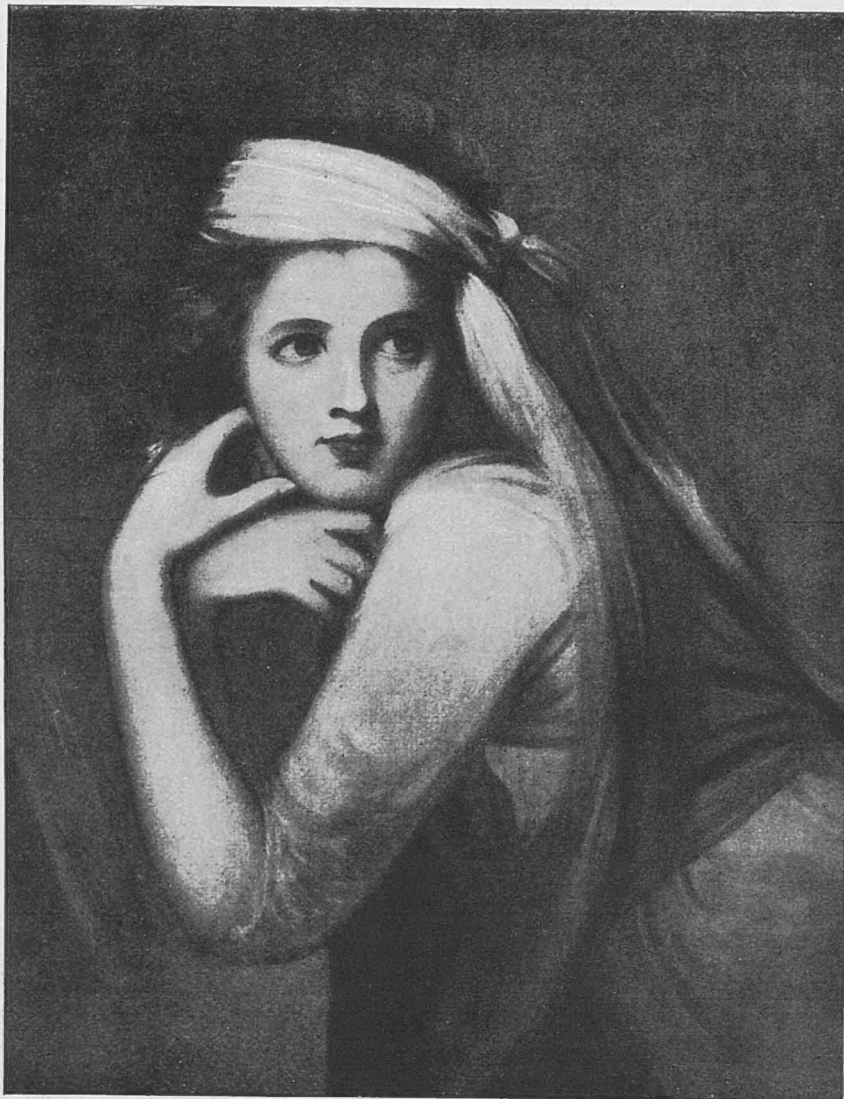
bed-gown of flowered cambric with transparent insertions and ruffings of lace, its soft folds held in by an Empire band of black velvet, where a miniature of her hero-lover set in diamonds is fastened. Over this comes a loose wrap of pearl-grey silk bordered with ermine and lined with white crêpe-de-Chine, where countless little bunches of roses, tied up with pale-blue true-lovers' knots, are embroidered in the elaborate ribbon of a bygone century. Her ladyship's gowns, in short, are accurate representations of the dress of the period, but, somehow or other, the wearer is not Emma Hart.

LADY HAMILTON IN ROMNEY'S ART.

The fact that the play opens in the studio of Romney emphasises the romantic friendship which existed between Lady Hamilton and the artist, who frankly owned not only that her grace and charm and beauty largely made his fame, but also that, while her marvellous varieties of expression and mood were his delight, their reproduction on canvas was his despair. But the names of George Romney and Emma Lady Hamilton will be linked for all time. Nor was there any ugly shadow upon their friendship. To him she was all that was virginal and sweet and gracious, and he admired her profoundly and with respect, as though she had remained the innocent village girl which she was when he first met her in the North Country. When, as Emma Hart, the mistress of Charles Greville, and the ex-goddess Hygeia of the rascally quack "Celestial Doctor" Graham, she came to Romney's studio to pose for him, he must have known her story; but, like other artists, he worshipped at her shrine, painting her in a score or two of poses and characters, as well as producing innumerable sketches of her. Romney was a man of peculiar views—he had a wife and family in Westmorland, for instance, whom he visited twice in thirty-seven years—but his æsthetic delight in the faultless loveliness and piquant charm of Lady Hamilton seems to have been untarnished by any unworthy motive, and he painted her, always, as if he loved her. The superb "Bacchante" in the National Gallery has familiarised the public with the beauty of Lady Hamilton as expressed in exquisite colour by the artist who was never weary of his lovely model; but there are many other portraits of Lady Hamilton equally rich in that fine sense of colour and vivid power of expressing emotion which have made Romney immortal—the powerful and tragic "Cassandra," for example, which Francis Legat

"The Tempest" in Boydell's fine edition of Shakspeare. "Sensibility," again, which Romney presented to his old friend Hayley, is an exquisite representation of one more mood of the marvellous woman who was constantly revealing new phases of loveliness to the eye of the delighted artist. And then there is the graceful and refined portrait of Lady Hamilton *in propria persona*, a work upon which the painter lavished his utmost skill. In truth, it is not surprising that, as Mr. Gladstone has said, until a generation ago Romney was almost solely known as the painter of Lady Hamilton. There can be no doubt that, while Romney has made the loveliness of Lady Hamilton imperishable, she, in her flush of youth and beauty, inspired him and spurred him on to the achievements which made him famous and have won for him a place with the greatest English portrait-painters of his own or any other period. To Romney, too, his lovely model, who was to him "the divine lady," always bore herself with modesty and charm, and there is therefore a peculiar propriety in the fact that the play which shows her to us with so gentle a hand should strike its keynote in the studio of the artist whose fame she largely made by her beauty, and who, *en revanche*, conferred upon her that immortality which even beauty can only hope to attain through Art.

The "Sibyl" portrait of Lady Hamilton is one of the most exquisite of the whole series, pose, expression, and fidelity in portraiture all being faultless, and, despite the title, there is an air of childlike sweetness, and even timidity, which makes intelligible in a rare degree the spell which such a woman would exercise over the tender, instinctively protective nature of Horatio Nelson. It enables one to understand those almost "last words" of his to Hardy, "Take care of my dear



LADY HAMILTON AS A SIBYL.



AS SENSIBILITY.



AS CASSANDRA.



AS MIRANDA.

engraved with such loving care in his modest house at Pleasant Row, Camden Town. This magnificent work was painted by Romney as a present to Lady Hamilton's mother, and was one of the finest of the whole notable series of portraits. Then there is the beautiful "Miranda," which figured in Romney's fine picture of the shipwreck to illustrate

Lady Hamilton, Hardy! Take care of my poor Lady Hamilton!" The art of Romney, in a word, has done much to perpetuate that phase of Lady Hamilton's character, as expressed in her beauty, which presents her in a sympathetic light and throws a halo of something worthier than mere "romance" over the notable episode in the life of Nelson.

SMALL TALK.

Mr. Smalley, the London Correspondent of the *Times* in New York, seems to have lost his head over Mrs. Bradley-Martin's Fancy-Dress Ball at the Waldorf Hotel. Mr. Smalley no doubt thoroughly enjoyed one of the most magnificent spectacles of our time, but this should not make him commit the *Times* to the bad and unsound economical doctrine that reckless luxury is good for the community as a whole. It would seem that a certain Dr. Rainsford has been preaching a sermon against the giving of this costly and magnificent entertainment at a time when thousands of people in America are in the direst poverty. According to Mr. Smalley, however, there was a general revolt against Dr. Rainsford's "puritanism and narrow clericalism." The ball, he goes on to tell us, "has afforded employment for thousands, and, indirectly, for thousands more." It would be interesting to know what the *Times*, usually so sound on economic problems, has to say to its Correspondent in connection with this subject.

Mrs. Bradley-Martin, who is at this moment the talk of New York, is the mother of the Countess of Craven. Lord Craven married Miss Bradley-Martin, then a red-faced, rosy-cheeked girl of seventeen,

her eye with this significant emblem. Mrs. Steel is a singularly clever writer, but she has no qualifications whatever for after-dinner oratory. She made every man feel himself lost on the face of the waters of meaningless prattle. Decidedly, the Authors' Club must mend its ways in this matter, or it will be set down by unfortunate strangers, victimised by its dinners, as an assemblage of hardened bores.

Cannes is crowded. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone are likely to benefit from their stay at the Château de Thorene, which has been improved beyond recognition, both within and without, since Lord Rendel purchased it from the late Dowager Duchess of Montrose, who herself spent a lot of money on it. The Boulevard de la Croisette, here depicted, bears the same relation to Cannes that the Promenade des Anglais bears to Nice. A fine view of the town and harbour is afforded by this portrait, which also does some justice to the lovely palms bordering the boulevard.

General Sir Wilbraham Lennox, grandson of the fourth Duke of Richmond, who died a few days since at the age of sixty-six, had a long and distinguished military career. He was a holder of the coveted Victoria Cross, and was among the earliest of those to win that distinction,



CANNES.

about three years ago. A story in the New York papers of the time was not calculated to show Mrs. Bradley-Martin in a highly flattering light. It was stated that she had bought a magnificent altar-cloth in one of the Italian cities, and, noticing the ornamental letters "I.H.S." conspicuous upon it, had remarked to her daughter on the melancholy fact that there was a redundant "H." "If only that 'H' were not there," said Mrs. Bradley-Martin, "it would do so splendidly for the initials of your grandpa!" Mrs. Bradley-Martin's father was Mr. Jeremiah Sherman.

The Authors' Club dinner last week suggests the expediency of reforming that institution. A drearier experience it is impossible to imagine. What possessed the Committee of the Club to permit Sir John Lubbock to preside over a literary gathering is one of those things which, as Dundreary said, no fellow can understand. Sir John is an amiable banker who dabbles in science, but has only the smallest sense of literature. He can neither write nor talk English, and his speech at the dinner was a painful hotch-potch of verbs which had quarrelled with their nominatives. Mr. Oswald Crawford is a literary man who can speak with distinction. Mr. Rider Haggard can make himself intelligible. But the rigmarole of Sir John Lubbock was fit only for the House of Commons, where people do not pretend to be authors. As for Mrs. Steel, she was seized by the lamentable delusion that it was her duty to talk for thirty-five minutes. One of her auditors drew out a large gold watch and vainly endeavoured to catch

which it will be remembered by an earlier generation was an order of merit founded by the royal mandate during the Crimean War. The late General Lennox entered the Royal Engineers when only eighteen, and took an active part with the Allies in the Crimea, and fought in the Indian Mutiny. His Victoria Cross was won for an act of cool daring in establishing a lodgment in one of those numerous rifle-pits before Sebastopol which during the siege were continually changing hands, being perhaps one night in the occupation of the Allies, and the next in that of the Muscovites. Life in a rifle-pit in those stirring times, it is said, demanded extraordinary nerve and coolness, and was more exciting and remarkable, perhaps, than in any other part of the fierce struggle. How great was the daring required for such work as that in which young Lennox distinguished himself may be gathered from the following extract from the letter of a young Engineer officer, who, for all I know, may have been Lennox himself—

The Russians [says he] treat us to a pleasing variety of projectiles. First comes the round-shot of all sizes, rushing past with a shriek like a railway whistle badly blown. Next comes the grape, like a large covey of strong birds flying very swiftly. Then arrives a gun-shell, which approaches like a round-shot, but has the pleasing trick of bursting as it reaches you. Next comes the mortar-shell—the worst of the large projectiles; it remains in the air nearly half a minute, it glances along very gracefully, rises to a great height, making a gentle whistle now and again like a plover, which becomes louder and louder till it drops, and only the oldest hands can make a good guess as to where it will fall; but the deadliest foe is the rifle-bullet, which flies about all day long and ranges twelve hundred yards.

To-night a fancy-dress ball will be given in the Humber Company's new works at Coventry. *The Sketch* will be vividly represented by two maidens, who have clothed themselves in our pages. You see their gowns are quite long. Very different is the conception of the artist who sends me this picture of a skittish lady dancing on an Old Master, and kicking over the bust of Michael Angelo. He means this, I presume, for an allegory on the banks of the Thames. It is not an uneasy conscience which bids me discern in the young woman the image of *The Sketch* triumphing over obsolete art. The galled jade doesn't wince! With a smile of conscious virtue, I bethink me of the illustrated supplements in which I have done homage to the Old Masters (to say nothing of the pictures in "The Art of the Day" of this week). Why, they have had a better show in *The Sketch* than in journals which professedly devote themselves to art with a capital A. No, my satirical friend, it isn't in this paper that an impertinent little shoe tips Michael Angelo off his pedestal. Moreover, I have a shrewd suspicion that the revered Michael, if he were to return to the flesh, would find the spectacle of high kicking a pleasant little break in his monumental labours.

Since the world began, even those supposed to be competent to judge—that is, artists and sculptors—have differed considerably as to what constitutes perfection in a woman's figure. The latest pronouncement comes from Berlin, where Professor Schadow, of the Royal Academy of Arts, declares himself in favour of the following measurements: Height, 63½ in.; breadth of neck, 3½ in.; shoulders, 15 in.; waist, 9 in.; hips, 13½ in. The truth, I take it, is that every country has its own ideal. Centuries of tight-lacing, and, indeed, of even loose-lacing, have materially altered the size of what must have once been the average feminine waist. In America a number of experiments have lately been tried with a view of finding out what is the ratio between the girth of the waist and the height. The following table shows this ratio—

	Height (in.).	Girth (in.).	Per Cent.
Venus de Milo	0.47
Greek Slave (Powers)	0.45
Venus de Medici	63.0	27.2	0.43
Schadow's artistic figure	63.5	25.5	0.41
Wellesley College figure	63.2	24.8	0.39
American girls (25)	62.5	23.3	0.37
American girls (25)	62.5	27.2	0.43

I believe that even now the Italian peasant woman, when reared under fairly healthy conditions, retains the most artistically perfect figure in the world.

I am told that the jewel of the coming season will be the emerald. The price of good specimens is rising with the inevitable rapidity due to fashion's fancy, and I hear of a single stone, weighing seven carats, that fetched eight hundred pounds a few weeks ago. Turquoise ruled last year, and I confess that the choice met my entire approval. I

think that the deep-blue turquoise and diamond, in combination, are very hard to beat. The price of the stones has now slightly fallen, but they still retain some hold on fashion. Chrysoprase preceded turquoise, ruled with it for a little while, and then subsided, while this



MISS SKETCH, ACCORDING TO A CANDID CRITIC.

year the only competitor with emerald will be the opal. There have been traditions innumerable concerning the opal, all denoting bad luck and accidents—perhaps founded on the extreme delicacy of the opal itself, which is very brittle, and is said to owe its exquisite colour to innumerable cracks not visible to the naked eye. Diamonds alone are not so fashionable, the tendency being to mix them with coloured stones. Good rubies yet maintain their price, if they be of the true "pigeon-blood" colour, but they are not worn as much as formerly. All these facts I owe to one of the partners in a great West-End firm, from whose windows exquisite specimens of every stone dazzle the passer-by and tempt him to part with his good-looking money.

What a revelation there would be if some famous jewel could find tongue to tell of its adventures, the story of the cunning men who have trafficked for it, the fair women who have been the wearers, the struggle for possession, the various characters of the owners! What a wonderful romance could be woven round a jewel that has travelled and seen the world! Of course, it would be but a small section of the world, and yet the true history would be more interesting than any effort of the novelist. Diamonds would be the best for the purpose, and some superb specimen that has known love, war, and intrigue would be able to unfold a tale before which the "Arabian Nights" stories would pale their ineffectual fires. Sometimes, when I have been dazzled by the superb glow of jewels, I have fancied that within their blaze is some ineffectual effort to say what they know and think. The idea is foolish enough, beyond a doubt, but it is one that haunts me everywhere, coming up again, after long intervals, with redoubled force in the opera-house or ball-room.

Miss Florence Marryat has been walloping the reviewers. They actually found fault with some remarkable incidents in one of her books—incidents, as she triumphantly affirms, drawn straight from facts. It never occurs to this impulsive lady that her affirmation about facts is not exactly proof. Her good faith is not in question, but her capacity for belief without evidence is apt to exceed the average. For instance, she is persuaded that no editor, in sending out a book for review, takes the trouble to choose a critic who is acquainted with the subject in hand. When Miss Marryat is so grossly ill-informed on a matter of this prosaic kind, why should the reviewer be unfit for his office who remains sceptical about the spiritualistic phenomena so dear to her soul? You will find Miss Marryat dealt with at some length elsewhere in this issue.

An American writer alludes rather wittily to the shock given to Abolitionist traditions by the elopement of an Iowa girl with a touring actor playing the part of Simon Legree in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She is said to have been fascinated with the manner in which her lover impersonated that truculent character.



"THE SKETCH" GIRLS.

Photo by Maule and Co, Coventry.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., is one of the Young Masters with a touch of the grand manner. When I think of his canvases at the Academy, notably of "Sacred and Profane Love," I am subdued to gravity by the evidence of a high artistic purpose. When I remember his tenor voice in a ballad which asserts that "the kingdom of my heart, love, lies within thy loving arms," I do not wonder at the announcement that he is about to be married. The song of Solomon is as witching as his brush. My congratulations to Miss Montagu, who is also to become an Associate of the Academy.



MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.

Speaking of marriages, there was a very large and fashionable assembly at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, to witness the wedding of the Earl of Kingston and Miss Lisette Ethel Walker. The bridegroom, who was educated at Eton, was born in 1874, succeeded to the earldom in 1896, and is the only son of the eighth Earl, Lord-Lieutenant for Roscommon, of Kilronan Castle, Keadue, County Roscommon; Oakport House, Boyle, County Roscommon. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, who gave munificent gifts to the city of Liverpool. The service was fully choral, and the church

handsomely decorated. After the ceremony a large reception was held at the Hans Crescent Hotel, Belgravia, the new hotel lately decorated and furnished by Warings, of Oxford Street.

Prince Max of Saxony, who is labouring in Whitechapel, is not the only Prince who has of late turned monk, for last autumn his Royal Highness Prince Phra Ong Chou Chula Cham Kian Prisdau Choomasi, of the reigning dynasty of Siam, renounced royalty and all his worldly ties and glory for the yellow Buddhist robes of monasticism and mendicancy. And yet the latest addition to the famous Refuge of Gautama Buddha was not so very long ago a British public-school boy, noted for his interest in applied science and mechanics. He is the owner of a London Society of Arts medal for proficiency in engineering and architecture, and so brilliantly clever was he considered by all and sundry that he was invited to become corresponding member of several Continental learned societies; and, as Siamese Attaché to the Courts of England, Germany, and Vienna, he is still well remembered in the diplomatic world. Since his return "home" the Prince has also held various high offices, and not long ago he was appointed by the British Government First Assistant Magistrate of Perak. It is said that the Buddhist religious authorities mean to shortly send the royal monk to England on a missionary tour. If this comes to pass, the mendicant Prince should find a warm welcome from the Theosophical Society.

One of the sights of London is the arrival of the special editions of the halfpenny evening papers at Piccadilly Circus. I have long given up the attempt to understand how the men in the cart manage to transact their business with the screaming ragamuffins who, swarming in from all sides, seize a bundle of papers and rush down different streets, shouting their hardest. There must be plenty of confidence on both sides to enable any satisfactory progress to be made. Of course, the cost of distribution with horse and cart must be a heavy item in the publishing expenses of a newspaper-office, and I am scarcely surprised to see that one enterprising house has adopted a new plan. A few evenings ago, as I came out of Victoria Station, a man dashed down the approach on a bicycle. On his back was a big bag filled with quires of some pink-coloured paper, and he seemed able to distribute and ride with ease. The plan would appear to have plenty of advantages. *Imprimis*, a cyclist will rush on where sober horses dare not tread, can slip through a crowd, dodge a policeman, take a narrow short-cut, and do all the other small, useful things for which a horse is no good. Cost of a man who rides a bicycle cannot be compared with cost of a horse, cart, and experienced driver; and though a cart can carry more papers than four cyclists, six cyclists should come out cheaper than one cart. I would suggest that, out of the accumulated profits, newspaper-managers should buy their cycle brigade a gay uniform, to strike a note of bright colour in the drab monotony of the streets. The never-ending dullness of our roads makes even a Salvation Army lass a luxury and a red-coated soldier a thing of momentary joy.

"London" is returning to town. The irresponsible observer may have imagined that London has not been out of town, may point to the patronage of theatres, concerts, and famous supper resorts in proof of his contention. None the less, he is wrong, and any *flâneur* such as I can set him right. For the past week, Regent Street in the morning and Bond Street in the afternoon have assumed the spring dress of coroneted carriages. The lucky few to whom town conveys only the idea of a few months' hard and pleasant social duty would appear to be starting earlier than usual this year, and doubtless they will remain later. This means a good season, with a large expenditure from which the working classes will benefit. The Park is very much more patronised now than it was a fortnight ago, and yet we are only in mid-February, and the country houses are yet open; the Riviera is at its best. A few

bright, mild days will bring everything forward wonderfully, while Parliamentary duties and the end of the shooting season have done the rest. Only this afternoon I was walking down Bond Street behind two gentlemen suffering from extreme youth and the affectation thereof. They were talking of their recent return to town, together with the probable consequent return of all civilised people, when a carriage passed and the lady seated in it bowed to them. "There," said the one to his friend, "dear Lady C. is back"; and the other, drawing himself up to full height, exclaimed in a tone of rapture, "Now we shan't be long!"

Those of our legislators who, as shown in the recent division, favour the claims of women to political representation, might have found arguments for the superiority of "the sex" in an old work on that perennial controversy, written by Lucrezia Marinella. Her father, Modenese by extraction, was a physician at Venice, and, besides technical works, wrote on the Ornaments of Women. The daughter, who survived her husband, the bearer of the essentially feminine name of Vacca, lived to the great age of eighty-two. She was a voluminous writer of sacred poetry, but her most interesting book has the cumbersome title "The Nobility and Excellence of Women, together with the Faults and Failings of Men." In this she takes up the cudgels for her sex against contemporary assailants, ransacks ancient and modern history and legend for examples of good and great women, and, as for men, she simply riddles them.

The thirty-five chapters of this portion of the book discourse of those men who are respectively "idle, negligent, and slothful"; "thieves, assassins, pirates, and rapacious"; "inconstant and voluble"; "vile, fearful, and pusillanimous"; "loquacious and chatterboxes"; "decked out with painted faces and dyed hair"; "tearful and inclined to weeping"; "backbiters and calumniars"; "murderers of their mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and grandchildren" (she might have added cousins and aunts); and "fraudulent, traitors, perjured, and perfidious." This Italian lady's volubility in the larding out of depreciatory nouns and adjectives with respect to poor Man shows that she would have been an effective platform speaker in these latter days—she would certainly have voted straight on the Woman question at contested elections, and she might have become a talkative and energetic female M.P.

Long before Montgolfier invented, or rather, discovered, his balloon, the utility of the kite had been discovered both in France and England; but it has remained for an American soldier, Lieutenant Hugh D. Wise, to prove the practical value of the kite as a means of survey in warfare. Mr. Wise, who had been experimenting for a long time lately, tested his kite apparatus on Governor's Island; he was lifted forty-two feet into the air, and was then able to sweep the surrounding country with his field-glass. It is said that there is no doubt that ultimately a kite will be perfected by which a man will be able to travel skyward in a gale that would tear any balloon to pieces. Among Englishmen who have also devoted much attention to the kite problem is Captain H. Baden-Powell, who has more than once gone a hundred feet into the air; but Captain Powell used, I fancy, a parachute, whereas the American seems to have utilised the idea in quite a different fashion, using four kites simultaneously. Of course, the apparatus would be of no use during a dead calm, for the stormier the weather the better will a kite "rise."

Mrs. Kendal has become the *châtelaine* of The Lodge, Filey, a very charming house adjoining the Esplanade of this Eastbourne of the North. The Lodge is an elegant gift to the great actress from her husband, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal propose to spend several months of every year at Filey. It was purely an accident—and accident in a double sense—that led to the purchase of the place, as Mrs. Kendal went North some months ago for health reasons, and, becoming attached to the place, found both health and home here. The air of Filey is probably the most bracing in all Yorkshire, except upon the high wolds. Of course, The Lodge will remain unoccupied during the larger part of the year, as Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have no intention of quitting the stage



MRS. KENDAL'S HOUSE AT FILEY.

yet, and have, in fact, just started a fresh tour. Mr. Allen Upward is engaged upon another play for them. It is not their intention to entertain largely at Filey, the main idea being that of complete rest from toil. Mrs. Kendal has developed into a most determined cyclist. When at Filey she lives under the name of "Grimston," but, as may be imagined, it is only an ineffectual disguise.

Miss Florence Easton, who has been appearing as Adèle in "An Artist's Model" on tour, is a Savoyard familiar to Londoners. She received her musical education at the Royal Academy of Music, studying the piano under Mr. Walter Macfarren, and singing under Signor Gustave Garcia, receiving four bronze and silver medals, also certificates, for both subjects, the highest honours obtainable. She made her first appearance on the stage at the Royalty Theatre in "Mignon," at a performance given by the pupils of Signor Garcia's operatic class, playing the title-rôle with such success that Mr. D'Oyly Carte engaged her at the Savoy Theatre



MISS FLORENCE EASTON.
Photo by Robinson, Dublin.

for curtain-raisers—her first part being that of Polly in Mr. François Cellier's operetta "Captain Billy"—and as understudy to Miss Lucile Hill and Miss Nancy McIntosh for the characters of Dorothy Vernon in "Haddon Hall" and Princess Zara in "Utopia, Limited." Mr. Carte was so pleased with her performance as Dorothy Vernon that he retained her for the latter part of the run of the opera as prima donna when Miss Hill left the Savoy for the Covent Garden season. Miss Easton's next engagement as prima donna was with Mr. George Edwardes, to play Christina in "His Excellency" for a tour of eight months. Afterwards followed an engagement with Mr. William Greet as Norah in his "Gay Parisienne" company on tour. Then came "An Artist's Model" tour, which has just terminated, during which she has played with very great success.

Henceforward it will be difficult for managements to force upon reluctant authors lower rates on the ground that the performances of their works given at important suburban houses should be paid for merely on the provincial scale. Mr. Francis, in the case of "A Blind Marriage," at the Metropole, just as Mr. Gilbert, some time back, with regard to "The Mountebanks," at the Grand, Islington, had little trouble in proving that these theatres are, technically as well as actually, in the London district. Such actions might perhaps be more cogently defended when places such as Croydon, Richmond, and Ealing, which have to be journeyed out to, are in question. We all know that many provincial companies either do "a preliminary canter" or successfully wind up their operations at the Grand, the Metropole, the Brixton, and similar houses; but such engagements can only by courtesy be spoken of as forming part of a provincial tour. This is an important distinction, and its logical truth cannot be disputed.

Last week I hinted that the new quick-change, many-charactered turn introduced to London, by Biondi at the Tivoli and Bernardi at the Empire, would soon become the variety vogue, and at the same time I fell into error in saying that Biondi had been dresser to Frigoli. I also remarked how Frigoli, who boasts that he can impersonate fifty characters in as many minutes, is at the very top of the tree, and has hitherto asked three hundred pounds a-week for performing in London. I now hear that he has climbed down to a small extent, and accepted an engagement offered by the Palace Theatre at the modest salary of two hundred pounds per week, with an additional sum of two hundred pounds for travelling expenses. He is due in London next month, and should draw large audiences, for, compared with him, Biondi and

Bernardi are very small. Theirs is clever work, but lacks the finish that we may expect from the master. I have seen men who can represent women on the stage—and very offensive, to me, is their performance—quick-change artists are common, ventriloquists are not rare, and actors are yet to be met, but the man who combines within himself all these gifts, and is able to exercise them with the method and discretion derived from intelligent thought, will be a revelation. The straining after novelty on the part of music-hall managers is striking testimony to the growing indisposition of the public to put up much longer with the monotonous efforts of "popular favourites." Managers and performers have driven certain styles of music-hall humour and method to well-merited death, and variety without novelty is in a bad way. The outlook for singers, gymnasts, acrobats, "low" comedians, and the rest, is not as promising as it was, and only the specialist, who makes hay while the sun shines, and also stacks it very carefully, can hope in future to profit largely by the halls. Frigoli is the very latest of the specialists, and may rely upon a welcome here. I would rather see him than Diane de Fontenay as the attraction at the beautiful house in Shaftesbury Avenue. The fear of being stamped with the mark of the prude oft restrains a man from a strong expression of opinion when such turns creep into a well-ordered programme.

I was invited by a friend (writes a correspondent) to accompany him to the Farringdon Street Memorial Hall the other evening, and found there an enthusiastic gathering of astrologers. The occasion was the first annual meeting of the Astrological Society, and, if anything were lacking, it was certainly not earnestness. The president, Mr. Alan Leo, delivered an address which was listened to with much attention, it being interesting from even a non-astrological point of view. He reminded his auditors that even now, by the law of the land, astrologers were "rogues and vagabonds," titles they had acquired owing to quackery in bygone ages, and he announced that the formation of a College of Astrology was an event contemplated for the near future. He confidently averred that astrology would, in time, become the universal religion of the world, and claimed that the science, if rightly understood and practised, was one of immense practical benefit to mankind. The members of the society appear to be mostly hard-headed business men and women, and some had come from Yorkshire and Lancashire to attend the



MISS ETHEL SIDNEY.
Photo by Lafayette, Manchester.

first annual meeting. The society seems to be flourishing financially, and quarterly general meetings are spoken of. When I left, about ten o'clock, the meeting was still being addressed by members, and, considering that it had commenced at six, astrologers cannot be said to be lacking in endurance.

I hope Miss Ethel Sidney will come back to London after her pantomime experience at Manchester.

The essential cosmopolitan greatness of Captain Cook is shown by the fact that the first monument to his memory was erected at Méréville, in the Department of Seine-et-Oise, by the financier M. de Laborde, who lost his life in the Revolution. Designed by M. Pajou,



COOK'S MONUMENT AT MÉRÉVILLE.

it is placed in the most retired and agreeable part of the park, near the banks of the stream which flows through it, and surrounded by foreign species of trees. It consists of a sarcophagus of white marble, surmounted by an urn of the same material, the whole covered by a dome supported by pillars. The monument displays a bust of Cook, with a bas-relief representing a lion devouring an eagle, and there is the figure of a savage at each of the four corners. Verses have been inscribed at various parts. The park at Méréville contains many other monuments of various kinds, including one to the memory of M. de Laborde's two sons, who lost their lives when taking

part in the voyage of *La Pérouse* in 1786, or eight years after the death of Cook. I am indebted to the conductors of the *Geographical Journal* for permission to reproduce a picture of the Cook monument.

Another gallant seaman, who was quite a lad when Cook died, was David Bartleman, whose grave in St. Nicholas Churchyard, Yarmouth, is marked by a stone, which Mr. Reginald G. Davies, of Temple Chambers, E.C., has photographed for me. On board the little brig *Alexander and Margaret*, of North Shields, he attacked a great pirate's cutter, which had ten times as many hands, and defeated it, as you will see by the curious inscription on the stone.

Sunday was Valentine's Day and the centenary of the victory at St. Vincent. And the two facts acted like magic on my Muse (I say "Muse" because the mere mention of St. Valentine compels me to), and I dreamed a dream like this—

London asleep; but in the Square by lions guarded
One figure in the chilling air his pose discarded.

"I'm sick of standing here at rest; you'd grant a charter
To let me sit?" He thus addressed the festooned "Martyr."

The charger of the monarch neighed, dead sick of pawing,
And Charles of the White Cockade declared "'Tis thawing!"

"Nay, not for you," old Nelson cried; "your fame has perished.
With me far else; for, since I died, I'm doubly cherished."

"You saw how, on Trafalgar Day, I writhed in wreathing,
And steeplejacks came up with clay by way of sheathing?"

"To-day, when people underline St. Vincent's victory,
I sent my love a valentine—'tis contradictory."

"For 'tis of her I always think—my dear enchanter,
And there, beside the river's brink, I thought they'd grant her."

"So far as Forbie cares, I'd be in some dilemma;
He did not send a stall to me to meet my Emma."

"'Twas from the wires that shroud my head (they're telegraphic)
I heard of her whom Romney's red proclaims seraphic."

"I thought to see her every while that made me gambol,
Alas! she had become meanwhile a 'Mrs. Campbell,'"

"Who rose to unexampled fame with one Pinero,
And now she boldly seeks to claim 'Our only hero';"

"For she I doted on is what is called a *gemma*,
But Campbell-Hamilton is not my fetching Emma."

"Times change. My country used to scold my mad devotion;
To-day it's no more 'sin,' I'm told, but just 'emotion.'"

"England expects that every man shall do his duty,
And thus it was I formed my plan to bow to beauty;

"And every night I'm made to die—of course, by proxy,
And Hardy, looking to the sky, grows orthodoxy."

"Ah, Sir! I fain would lay me down, my bones are aching;
But there, I must get back—the town will soon be waking."

And to continue this little chat about sailors, I must refer to a funny little book I have just got, giving the rule of the road at sea in rhyme. The author, Captain Hon. F. G. Crofton, R.N., manages to cram a lot of useful information into his couplets. As regards lights, he says—

Side lights are coloured green and red;
They show for two miles right ahead,
And circled round they throw their light
Two points abaft the beam at night;
The masthead light five miles is seen,
Shows round same space as red and green.

As regards steam-vessels meeting by day, he versifies the eighteenth article of the Board of Trade official regulations thus—

On opposite courses, if steamers should meet,
The rule is the same as when walking the street.
Give the order to port, and to starboard you'll go,
And if it is night your red light will show.

The highest type of verse of this sort is, I take it, the Laureate's "Crossing the Bar." Every copy of Mr. Clark Russell's novels might be accompanied by Captain Crofton's guide, which, whether a product of the Celtic circle or not, is published by Gill, of Dublin.

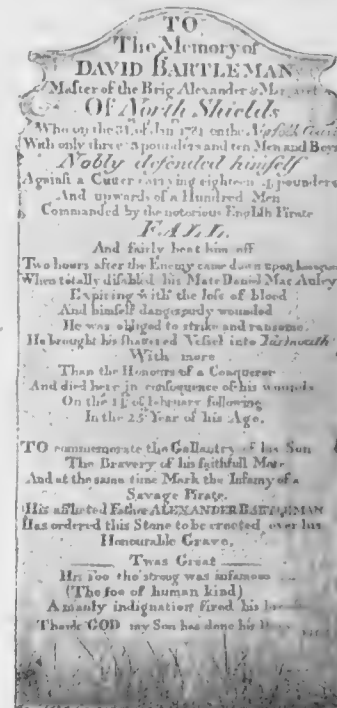
How different the conditions of ships from the time of Cook, or Nelson, or the brave Bartleman, and to-day! Thus the *Orient Liner*, *Orotava*, which sank in the Tilbury Docks while coaling on Dec. 14, 1896, unfortunately entailing the loss by drowning of several men, was raised after being eight days under water. While, of course, a great proportion of the contents was ruined, several hundred bottles of Johannis Water—all of which were loose and not in cases—in the vessel were found to be in excellent condition, and as lively as when bottled. Johannis has gone successfully through fire and opened crisply, clearly, and sparklingly in the blaze of the Tropics, but this is the first time I have heard of it going through water as well!

As an example of the creation of a fleet with a rapidity unknown in Nelson's time, and of the rise of a power which was unrecognisable when Trafalgar was fought, I may cite the Nippon Yusen Kaisha (Japan Mail Steamship Company, Limited), which has made such leaps and bounds since the war. It is purely Japanese, and began business thirty years ago with half-a-dozen vessels. Now it has sixty-seven steamers, aggregating 133,600 tons, and twelve more, of 5800 tons each, are on the stocks, while six more will follow, and a service from London will shortly be put on. I have had sent me a guide-book to the fleet, printed in Japan.

The issue of Sir M. E. Grant Duff's Notes from his Diary has reminded politicians of the part which he played in Parliament for nearly a quarter of a century. He sat for the Elgin Burghs unopposed from 1857 to 1880, when his seat was unsuccessfully contested by Mr. J. M. Maclean, now the member for Cardiff. It was regarded as an impertinent joke to oppose the author of the famous "Elgin speeches," which surveyed the politics of Europe. Mr. Maclean, however, stood up manfully to the "omniscient member." Sir M. E. Grant Duff, likening the Conservative candidate to a dog, explained that his anger was directed not so much against the dog as against the persons who set it on. Thereupon Mr. Maclean retorted that dogs were sometimes useful in killing vermin! He distinguished himself also by another retort. It being contended that the Conservatives were appealing to the country on "Beer and the Bible," Mr. Maclean said that cry was better than "Atheism and Cheap Claret." The Elgin Burghs retained the services of their old member as long as he cared to represent them; but in 1881 he exchanged the Treasury Bench for the Governorship of Madras.

Pedantry was the most serious offence of which Sir M. E. Grant Duff was ever suspected. He seldom addressed his constituents without quoting the classics. No doubt he could read Plato with his feet on the fender—the test which Macaulay gave of a scholar. His speeches read well, and were full of epigram and information, but they were badly delivered. Folding his arms, and throwing his fine head back, he recited them in a sing-song tone, without any gesture. A question addressed to him without notice, when he was a member of the Government, placed him sometimes in a pitiable plight. He has always been most at home in the study. With high thinking he has united plain living. Some Parliamentary friends who visited him at Madras were entertained to dinner. A sumptuous repast was provided for the guests, but poached eggs were brought in for the host himself! Since his return from India he has shown little interest in current politics, although now and again he has addressed a long letter to his old constituents. In cultured society Sir M. E. Grant Duff is a prized guest. Few men have a wider acquaintance on the Continent, and it is fully forty years since he began to entertain his eminent fellow-countrymen at his breakfasts.

The *Guyoscope* is the name of a new monthly magazine, issued by the medical students of Guy's. It is lively. Do you know that Shanklin, Isle of Wight, possesses a weekly journal called *Vectis*? It is conducted by Dr. Dabbs, who has attended the royal family, and has also written some plays. *Vectis* follows the fashion of the small-octavo papers—a size which I venture to think is a little played out—and is nicely printed. Wednesday's issue contained a really charming portrait of the "Lady of the Wight," Princess Henry of Battenberg, in her widow's weeds.



A SAILOR'S GRAVE.

The continued existence of our City churches seems to be a constantly recurring cause of warfare. That handsome and interesting structure, St. Mary Woolnoth, has been saved after a fierce battle, the bitterness of which may be gauged by the remarks of the chairman of the Electric Railway, who asserted the other day that "the convenience of the travelling public to the extent of millions and millions in the future had been sacrificed for the self-glorification of two or three individuals, and for the fads of a few second-rate architects"! Now, I understand that the fate of another City church, St. Bartholomew's, Moor Lane, hangs in the balance. This church, though it contains an altar and certain carved oak of antiquity and interest, can hardly be described as an ancient edifice. The Church of St. Bartholomew originally stood on the site of the Royal Exchange, and Miles Coverdale, the earliest English translator of the Bible, was buried there. The church was, with many another, burned in the Great Fire, and was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren. The materials of this church were sold in 1841, and much of it was preserved in the copy of the old edifice created in 1849 in Moor Lane. It is this "copy" whose existence is now threatened, and some authorities consider that not only was Sir Christopher's tower and the west front exactly imitated, but that the ancient stones were used. In any case, should the church be swept away, a remarkably picturesque building will disappear from the City, which year by year is losing its ancient landmarks.

Do you know that our Artillery garrison at Gibraltar give a Christmas pantomime of their own? This time "Cinderella" was chosen as the subject, the piece being written and produced by Major F. B. Toms, R.A., in the Theatre Royal at the "Rock." The ballet was made up from the Gibraltarian community. All the principals were officers, N.C.O.'s, and men of the Royal Artillery, and the dresses came from Brighton. The elaborateness of the production may be gauged from the fact that it cost three hundred pounds, which was easily cleared, and the pantomime would have run two weeks instead of one had not the theatre been taken by a Spanish company.



Although the shooting season is over, and pheasant and partridge are now left to breed in peace and chuckle to think of their escapes during the past few months, one sees plenty of game for sale in the poulterer's shop-window, and nobody seems inclined to ask awkward questions. I have been carefully noting the contents of some big shops during the past few days, and have seen many pheasants whose plumage

and general appearance do not suggest a prolonged distance from life. In fact, I saw some birds that were probably flying about three days before, hanging up in the view of all men. There is not much room to doubt that a large trade is done in snared birds for the London market. In December of the year just gone I was shooting pheasants over some farms for a few days, and at the end of my stay gave instructions for half-a-dozen brace to be sent off to friends. Two of the recipients told me that when the birds came they were seemingly a week old, and their bodies were quite free from any suspicion of pellets. They humorously suggested that I ran after the birds and put salt upon their tails. From what I can see, there is a great deal of smuggling and trapping in connection with game, and it would be well if some steps could be taken to investigate matters. At present the maxim "buy cheap and ask no questions" prevails, and laws are left to look after themselves.

So much has been written about the late Duchess of Montpensier, of "Spanish Marriages" celebrity, that it might also be pointed out that Antoine Philippe, Duke of Montpensier, brother to Louis Philippe, and hence her husband's uncle, lies buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, quite near to the graves of Dean Stanley and his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley. This Duke of Montpensier died here in exile in 1807, and, strangely enough, the Latin inscription on his tomb was written by another exile, Dumouriez, the Republican General. In the same portion of the Chapel the remains of Queen Louisa of Savoy, wife of Louis XVIII., were for a time deposited.

"Wanted, a new Pied Piper of Hamelin"; such is the legend that ought just now to be placarded in a certain quarter of Paris. It seems that part of the reconstruction scheme of the late Baron Haussmann involved important changes in the shambles district, and these alterations have seriously incommoded the colonies of rats that had made that district their home. Disturbed from their former habitations, the rodents of the Rue Réaumur have been causing sad havoc in the houses of the neighbourhood, and latterly, being evicted with great trouble therefrom, they have been making their way into the main sewers. The

plague of rats has, indeed, proved something more than a nuisance for a long time past, and the reappearance of the titular hero of Browning's poem and Nessler's opera would be truly welcome. The talk now is of a competition with the object of ascertaining the best method of exterminating these voracious vermin.

If tree-climbing, as some learned professors will have it, is a legacy from our arboreal ancestors, the natives of the East have got their share in a wonderfully intact condition. Of course, there are lazy natives who



LOBU CLIMBING A TREE.

keep monkeys to save them the bother of climbing cocoa-nut palms for dinner, but the best of monkeys fight shy of a wild bee's nest, however well stocked it may be with honey. The monkey likes the honey well enough, but fears the bee, and so leaves this business to his master. The jungle-bee, too, has the habit of selecting the very top of the highest branchless tree it can find for its nest. That is no great obstacle to the professional honey-gathering jungle-man. The jungle-man, throwing his mantle over his shoulder, encircles the bole of the tree and his body in a loose loop of rattan. Then, leaning back in the loop and planting his feet against the tree, he practically walks up the side of the tree, supporting his weight in the loop as he scales upwards. Reaching the nest, he deftly envelops

it in his mantle and quickly returns to the ground, commonly without a sting, and with a stone or two of honey for his pains.

A recently published report of the seizure of a menagerie for debt, and the half-unsuccessful attempt to sell the animals by auction, struck me as being rather hard upon the poor beasts. Imagine the mixed feelings of wonderment, fear, and indignation with which the lions, tigers, and other fierce captives must have regarded their being placed in a noisy station-yard! They were seized, it should be noted, just as their proprietor was getting them off by train.

Even the most barren parts of the earth manage somehow to acquire inhabitants. One would hardly expect that an animal with any choice left to it at all would care to take up an abode at the hem of the Alps' eternal skirt of snow. Yet the marmot seems rather to enjoy such a habitat, and does not mind being shut up in its underground winter quarters the greater part of the year. Its winter dwelling is a habitation of some pretension, to be sure, consisting of a pantry and a parlour. A London landlady would describe the parlour, no doubt, as a bed-sitting-room, and a capacious one at that, for, although the Alpine marmot is no bigger than a rabbit—and much the same in colour—a man could stretch himself out in the chamber. There the marmot snoozes through the greater part of the year, awaiting the summer



MARMOTS IN THE HIGH ALPS.

Photo by Grainer, Bad Reichenhall.

months to withdraw the blanket of snow to let him and his friends out to post sentinels and have a jolly good time of it, filling the pantry with dried grass and roots against the dearth of the next winter. The marmot, in fact, is a very prudent and a very stupid animal. Its prudence is instinctive, and, like all instinctive qualities, beyond its owner's control. For an animal that has to sleep the greater part of the year it is best to be stupid. In captivity the marmot is pugnacious as well as stupid, using its big incisor teeth to good effect. The Swiss prize its fur.

The Mid-Devon Hunt, as at present constituted, is one of recent establishment, dating from season 1891-2, when Mr. Thomas Salusbury, of Sandy Park, Chagford, held the Mastership. The country is an area situate about half-way between the north and south coasts. Like most other countries in Devonshire, extremes of character are found within its borders—wild moorland intersected by ravines and coombes, while in other districts there are areas of highly farmed land. The northern portion of the territory was at one time hunted by Lord Portsmouth's hounds, which, fifteen or twenty years ago, were the leading pack in the West Country. The present Master of the Mid-Devon is Mr. John Byres-Leake, of Rockside, Belstone, some three miles from Okehampton; Thomas Brayley carries the horn, and G. Sanders is the whipper-in. The pack, which this season consists of twenty-two couple of hounds, meets twice a-week—on Mondays and Thursdays; and though the country over which hounds run is not always rideable, as the word is understood in the shires, they show often rare sport to the hard-riding farmers who are their chief supporters. On New Year's Day they scored a remarkable run with a fox which, if not a particularly straight runner, was as stout a fellow as ever stood before hounds. They ran him for upwards of two hours and five minutes, crossing the river East Dart three times in course of the chase. When the pack was stopped, the few whose horses lived to the end had had, it is hardly necessary to say, quite as much work as they wanted.

"Cat-witted," that ancient term of reproach, ought really to be revised, for Tabby's intelligence is not so limited, after all. That she, and, of course, Tom, possess a pretty strong "time sense" is demonstrated to me any evening about ten o'clock, when I have occasion to pass through a quiet square in Bayswater. From all the surrounding areas, about that witching hour, there come stealing (the word is strictly metaphorical) through the gloom numbers of pussies to congregate about the hospitable door of a benevolent elderly lady, who shortly appears on her threshold and feeds her furry pensioners with such dainties as are dearest to the feline palate. Regular as the clock they come, always well in advance of their benefactress's appearance, and without signal, except, perchance, one from a member of the tribe who may earn an extra portion by doing a little "synagogue knocking," as Mr. Zangwill would say. Nor are the tabbies of the West the only gifted ones. In Holywell Street, of pious association, on Sunday morning the cats hail the advent of their meat-man with paws thrust through the letter-boxes of the doors, while the particular pussy of *The Sketch* office comes to meet him with every manifestation of cattish delight. Perhaps the sense alluded to is allied to the least intellectual of all the senses, but no matter. In the Bayswater instance, at any rate, olfactory stimulus to regularity is plainly out of the question. The pussies undoubtedly have a system, regulated or not, as the case may be, by some "schnorrer" who knocks them up to the scratch.

Those interested in the all-absorbing question of dainty feeding should hail the investigations lately made by a Boston professor as to whether the appetite of the world is changing. When we consider the extraordinary effect produced on health, and even on character, by certain foods, it will be seen that the question is one which affects us

all very nearly. The cheapening of sugar may be said to have transformed the world of edibles, and condiments are also now used in the simplest households. Even in the most conservative British kitchen the influence, not only of French, but of German and Hungarian, to say nothing of Italian and Spanish, national cooking is very observable. Anything like a universal use of electricity in the cooking-apparatus would modify the food of the civilised world; but it is to be doubted if such a change would be for the better. The late Sir Andrew Clarke often lamented the disappearance of the old-world roasting-jacks.

The other week I told you how the stage elephant Miss Lillian Russell rides is made, and now the *New York Tribune* has been describing how Fafner, the dragon in the second act of "Siegfried," is made and manipulated. His body is of cloth and his head of paper—quite a modern literary man. But he has the advantage of the literary and the ordinary man in that his legs are detachable, these useful

members being played by two young men, just as in the case of the elephant. The "fore-feet" man works an electric apparatus which makes the eyes shoot forth baleful gleams, and a rubber-hose for the "fiery breath." Fore-feet also works the lower jaw and the feelers about the nose, while hind-legs has charge of a lever, running the whole length of the Laidly Worm, by means of which he waggles the head up and down. On the programme you will find Herr Rumbelski set down as playing Fafner; in reality, he is only the voice of Fafner. To sing the dragon's music, he stands in the wings near the cave, and shouts into a speaking-trumpet, while the assistant-conductor sits near by at the organ, and helps the singer out on the notes Sister Mary Jane would take at a leap. When Siegfried slays the dragon, it takes a whole crowd of supers to topple the monster over, for he is so stiffly jointed he cannot fall of himself.

There are, after all, a few things left which the Old World can teach the New, and one of them apparently is the convenience and value of pantechneons. Till quite lately it was impossible to "store"

any furniture in New York; but now the "storage warehouse" has become quite an institution, and one of them at least, the Manhattan, is an imposing-looking building, strongly recalling New Scotland Yard in appearance. Curiously enough, a great business is done in what may be styled sentimental storage. Even a practical Yankee exhibits a tender feeling towards the now dumb piano round which, perchance, he played as a child, and the same sentiment leads to the storing of many curious and odd pieces of furniture, out of date, shabby, and worthless, but precious to their owners. Storing is an expensive luxury, for it has become an axiom—seldom acted upon—that there is no more expensive way of disposing of one's household goods.

I hear that both Dr. Nansen and his friend Mr. Jackson took a supply of Boyd and Co.'s famous Eiderdon as part of their protective stores. When such experienced travellers approve, further recommendation seems almost needless. Mr. Jackson's experience is that in the intense cold of the Polar Regions the hair of the reindeer skin is apt to become brittle and break off from the skin; while the fine wool of which Eiderdon is woven does not suffer from this defect.



THE MID-DEVON HOUNDS.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



I have received a letter from Guernsey asking me whether I can give the address of a Mr. Joseph Nash, to whom there is a small dividend due accruing from a local company. The only gentleman of that name I know is Jolly John Nash. Had the case been submitted to him, I fancy he might have replied thus—

'Tis strange that Nash
Should never "fash"
To take the cash,
By which, if rash,
He'd make a splash
And cut a dash
(On lemon squash),
Or do (in vulgar hash) a "mash."

Does gold abash
Josephus Nash,
Since man is ash,
And money trash
That doth with Bible precepts clash?
Why smash and slash
This Mr. Nash—
Who does not wish to flare and flash.

"Two of Scotch" finds a typical representation in this crack pair of Scotch terriers, Torphichen Darroch and Torphichen Badger, the property of Mr. John S. Rhind, sculptor, a resident in Edinburgh. They are two of the best specimens of their breed on the show-bench, and are grand examples of the Scotch Dee-hards, being full of fire and energy.

is a strange gathering-point of the clan. An instructive history of the Hospital, which is now called a "college," and has become one of the biggest technical schools in this country, was issued the other month from the pen of an old alumnus, Mr. Robert Anderson, who, as sub-editor of the *Aberdeen Free Press*, is one of the best-known journalists in Scotland, and has trained quite a score of men who now hold important positions in many parts of the country.

A friend chanced to visit the other day one of the Stores in the vicinity of Victoria Street, where they sell anything and everything. In walking about his eyes fell on some cups or mugs which he at once recognised, from an illustration which appeared in *The Sketch* of June 10 last year, as being the same cups that caused the dreadful accident on the Kodinsky Plain, at the popular fête during the Czar's Coronation. My friend, knowing I had one of the mugs that figured in a similar ceremony in the previous Coronation in May 1883, kindly secured one for me as another relic. On comparing this new acquisition with the illustration in *The Sketch*, no doubt was left in my mind that it is one of those now known



"TWO OF SCOTCH": TORPHICHEN BADGER AND TORPHICHEN DARROCH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY S. PARSONS, EDINBURGH.

Torphichen Badger is a puppy, and has been shown only a few times, but is already the winner of seven prizes. Torphichen Darroch, his sire, is a winner of over forty prizes, and both promise to go on from success to success until they have a record-breaking list of wins.

A literary hobby has recently invested the great house of Gordon with peculiar interest for me. As I passed the statue of Chinese Gordon in Trafalgar Square the other morning, and saw the wreaths that were put up there a week or two ago, I could not help comparing the great General with Robert Gordon, who founded an endowed school for poor boys at Aberdeen. Now, the strange thing is this, though I do not think anybody has drawn attention to it, that at the gate of this school a statue of Chinese Gordon was erected some years ago by the Clan Gordon, and it is unnecessary for me to remind you of the warm interest the General displayed in the little waifs and strays who are now tended in the homes established in his memory. A whole century elapsed between the death of this Robert Gordon (1731) and the birth of Charles Gordon, and yet the two had the same interests at heart. And still a more famous Gordon than either of them figures in the story, for the Grammar School attended by Byron, always known in boyhood as George Byron Gordon, stood within a few yards of the General's statue, and ultimately became the property of Gordon's Hospital. Surely that

as "The Cups of Sorrow," for every detail is exactly the same. This raised the curious question as to how a dozen or so of them had found their way to Victoria Street. Mahatmas sent cups somehow through the air at one time to Simla, but that parcel-delivery arrangement will not work in the vicinity of Westminster. My friend, being interested, called again at the Stores, and reports that all the mugs for the fête were "made in Birmingham," a few had been left over, and are now being disposed of. One might naturally have expected that they would have been "made in Germany," as that country is much nearer to Russia than is Birmingham.

A WARNING.

A certain "John Parker Emery" has been representing himself in Manchester and probably elsewhere as associated with this journal. On the strength of his representation he has obtained money and portraits from members of the dramatic profession, professing to be able to secure the insertion of these portraits in our pages. We know nothing of this Mr. Emery, and desire once again to warn those of our readers who are connected with the stage that *THE SKETCH* has never under any circumstances made a charge for the publication of a photograph.

MISS FRANCES ALLITSEN.

If one takes quality in relation to quantity, it may probably be said that there is no branch of human work in which accomplishment is at so low a level as in the writing of songs by the English of to-day. One may



MISS FRANCES ALLITSEN.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

assert with confidence that at this moment not more than one in a thousand of those produced is worth paper and ink, and barely one per cent. of the successful deserve their good fortune. Nothing is more curious than the fact that, while at concerts the percentage of bad instrumental music put in the programmes is low, the proportion of rubbish given to the vocalists is very high, and, moreover, when the songs are not rubbish, they generally are the "battle-horses" of the past. What is the ordinary ballad concert but an entertainment fit to drive the musical out of Piccadilly, and make him hasten to Charing Cross to suffocate himself in the dirty water that flows under the hideous railway bridge? I have personal knowledge—and painful, too—of the

difficulties that beset the situation (writes a *Sketch* representative), for one of my dearest friends has written many a song that finds no publisher, not that the publishers deny the merit of his work, but they say either that in the accompaniment or the voice part there is too great difficulty, or that he does not hit the momentary taste for songs about babies or aunts, or whatever may be the ephemeral interest of the time. With splendid candour, one of the most successful publishers told him, in my presence, that he doubted whether Schubert, Franz, or Schumann would nowadays make a decent income by writing songs for the English market, and that he could rarely afford the luxury of publishing a vocal composition that he would listen to without being handsomely paid.

After hearing Miss Clara Butt use her magnificent voice in Miss Frances Allitsen's splendid setting of poor James Thomson's "Song of Thanksgiving," I was moved to get a set of her songs, and, finding throughout them not merely an earnest, musicianly quality, but a genuine ring of inspiration, I made up my mind to have a chat with the composer.

I found her somewhat elated, as she had just received press-cuttings of a concert in one of the great Northern cities, in which several of her songs were spoken of in terms of the highest praise. My efforts to learn much about the life-history of the composer were not very successful.

"There is nothing interesting about my career," she said; "the only events of any importance in it are the dates of my compositions, and I am afraid you greatly overrate the importance of them. Who instructed me in composition? Well, after making some literary efforts, not entirely without success, I determined to go to the Guildhall School and show the late Weist Hill some little piano-pieces and song-settings I had written without any previous study of harmony. He was surprised at the quality, even the sense of form, in these works, and immediately arranged I should have free tuition under Mr. Gadsby, and he alone has been my professor of harmony, and I cannot tell you how much I owe to him."

"One is content to find that it was an English professor."

"Oh, but," she said with a smile, "my singing was learnt under Madame St. Germaine, Schira, and Professor Goldberg. After all, in matters of art, one is compelled to be cosmopolitan. Why, my favourite song-writers also are nearly all foreigners. Who? Schubert, Schumann, Gounod, Franz, Grieg, Kjerulf, Liszt, Brahms, Rubinstein. There you see half-a-dozen nations; and I am exceedingly fond of old Irish and Scotch songs."

It may be observed that Miss Allitsen's style is decidedly original, and does not show the influence of any one composer. Her characteristic quality is dramatic feeling, and I should have expected to find the name of Loewe among her favourite composers. In style she chiefly affects the "Durchkomponirtes Lied," the song in which the stanzas are treated according to their individual nature. In fact, one may quote a few of her own phrases on the subject: "A song ought to be a realisation in sound of a poem; each shade of emotion in the words should be reflected by the music. Repetitions, under ordinary circumstances, should be eschewed. As a rule, they are mere evidences of a misfit; of course, there are cases where they are used with superb effect."

I naturally asked whether she came of a musical family, but found that this was not the case. Her literary inclinations, however, are in some measure explained by the fact that she is the daughter of the late Mr. Bumpus, whose name is dear to all book-lovers and collectors.

This literary instinct has been of great importance in one way; it has caused Miss Allitsen to choose, almost invariably, poetry that deserves the honour of a setting. It is possible to see in her work a strong impulse given by the very quality of the poems she seeks to illustrate. Indeed, it is hardly fanciful to say that she seems a sort of musical sounding-board for the poet, and succeeds equally in dainty settings of the elusive Heine, that have become popular in Germany, in

the reverent passion of "An Old English Love Song," the success of which has done much to aid her progress, or in her superb setting of James Thomson's "A Song of Thanksgiving." In one respect Miss Allitsen has been very fortunate. She has won the support of the present generation of concert-singers, which, fortunately, is more critical than the last. To help at her concert came Mesdames Margaret Macintyre, Esther Palliser, and Ada Crossley, and Messieurs David Bispham, Hirwen Jones, Hayden Coffin, and Herbert Thorndyke, and all of them are hearty admirers of her work. I might also mention Miss Clara Butt, Mrs. Helen Trust, Madame Fanny Moody, Ben Davies, Guétary, and a dozen others well known to the public who show themselves her warm supporters. Mr. Manns has produced at the Crystal Palace a Funeral March and Tarantelle written by her, and Pachmann applied to her piano work the terms "originality, imagination, feeling, and grace." Some day, if health permits, she will, I believe, make a bid for fame with a dramatic cantata, and even an opera. Should she in them show the dramatic feeling which distinguishes her setting of "King Duncan's Daughters," and the splendid melodic gift which illuminates her "Song of Thanksgiving," her success is well assured.

"THE LOWER LIFE."*

"Picture a speculator reading Shakspeare's sonnets, or feeling his soul stirred by a symphony of Beethoven!" This was the mocking argument from the sermon of a fashionable preacher that appealed most to Helen Brabant, the wife of a successful gambler in the City. She liked luxuries well enough, but she craved romance; and the preacher had uttered what she had been vaguely feeling ever since her husband had ceased to be a poor man. So she began to look for romance outside her own circle, and found it in Austin Marillier, a great traveller, a dweller in the wilds, a despiser of speculation. And, in the meanwhile, the horrors of the methods by which her husband gained his money were being brought home to her by a course of object-lessons given her by a younger friend, Ida. Ida, about to marry Basil, a young poet bitten by speculation, resolved to find out the fascinating mysteries of the City, that she might the better warn and guide him. Having learnt them, she played Mr. Barlow to Helen, led her by the hand, and bade her watch the humanity that loiters outside the Stock Exchange. They discovered everywhere the same type of face—"at its noblest suggesting the tiger crouching for its spring, at its basest the vulture watching its chance to swoop down upon the carrion." After that Austin Marillier has a good chance, and he is nearly winning, when the news of the collapse of a big company, in which Brabant is interested, convinces Helen that her husband must be a ruined man, and that ruin may spell romance. He was not ruined at all, being much too crafty, but he fell ill from excitement; and the story ends in the uncertainty whether, on his recovery, the gambling mania will capture him once more. Meanwhile, Ida has rescued her Basil, and borne him off to practise law and make sonnets in Australia. Ida is a forbidding little school-marm, but, if we grudge her her successful career, we must recognise that in real life her tenacity could not have missed its reward.

If there is a blot in this really able book, we should say it lies in the writer not owning more frankly the fascination of commercial gambling, in

disputing its romance—a sordid, lurid, evil romance, to be sure, but still romance to such as would see no glamour in Shakspeare's sonnets or Beethoven's symphonies—for Arnold Brabant, the man of intellectual interests wholly captured by the mania, is an exception. The main strength of Mr. George Moore's "Esther Waters" was its frank recognition that gambling is at least one means, sometimes the only means, of getting beyond the dull drudgery of every day. But "The Lower Life" is a powerful, an awakening, and, we are sure, a sincere book. Mr. Gribble has not taken his types from the uncaught thieves of the commercial world merely for the sake of sensation, nor described the feverish and trencherous buying and selling in the Stock Markets in order to produce a fashionable and superficial realism. He has felt the evil, and has been constrained to show it in all its native ugliness and baseness.



MR. FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

"TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS."

ITS AUTHOR AND ITS STORY.

It was only a few hours after the President of the Republic had paid M. Pierre Decourcelle the compliment of saying that "Les Deux Gosses" was absolutely one of the best plays that he had seen, and only a few days after the Ambigu had been able to celebrate the advent of the five-hundred-thousandth of the paying public, that I received from M. Decourcelle a very kind note, saying that he would break from his rule and accord me a few minutes' chat (writes a correspondent of *The Sketch*).

I did not allow much water to run under the bridges of the Seine between the invitation and the call, and next morning, at eleven sharp, I was shown into the charming villa in the Rue Jean Goujon.

The *salle d'attente* was a small one; but, instead of the usual furniture (an almanack and a Paris Directory), you found yourself, from floor to ceiling, surrounded by pictures suggesting the exquisite taste of your host. The room was literally crammed with splendid specimens of furniture of the days gone by, panels indicating the brush of both ancient and modern schools, tapestry that you might have mistaken for being, or, in point of fact, might have been, of the Gobelin school, and an infinite variety of books and pictures common to no time but famous in all.

The choice was not a promiscuous and experimental one, but showed perfect taste both in the distribution of colour and in the arrangement.

My experience of interviews with French authors or artists had led me to always think out some mild and noiseless amusement while waiting for the *entretien* promised in five minutes, but so often delayed—for more than five minutes. As M. Decourcelle is too retiring to seek shop-window photograph fame, I tried to picture what manner of man could be he who had made us cry with the "Deux Gosses" and blush with the "Gigolette." My guess was wide of the mark. This I realised when a broad-shouldered, young, manly, and handsome fellow, standing at least a comfortable 6 ft. 2 in. in his socks, with cheerful face and eyes full of merriment, greeted me with, "J'espère que je ne vous ai pas fait attendre." Then stopping abruptly, he said, "Hang it! I hope I have not bored you."

So this was M. Decourcelle, jovial, unassuming, and possessing that easy way of opening up an acquaintance as though you had been lifelong friends.

"But I thought you were a Frenchman, M. Decourcelle, and did not know that you had only adopted a French name?"

He laughed heartily. "Why," he said, "I learnt English when I was a kid—or shall I say 'Gosse'—and sometimes it is forced upon me that, when my age was no higher than the number of my fingers, I could speak English even better than I can now.

Yes, frankly," said M. Decourcelle as he walked into the *cabinet de travail*, "I am as great a lover of everything that is English as your oldest of True Blues—that's the expression, is it not? I cannot devote half as much time to England, her ways, and her pleasures as I should like. I am an admirer of England. I am an admirer of your customs, literature, stage, and institutions. Now, now, don't say what you were thinking.

"It appears I do look like an Englishman. Too much so, I have often been told; but I cannot say I take that intended reproach deeply to heart. I have so many good friends in England, in literary, political, and artistic circles, and I always regret that I have not just twice as much lazy time at my disposal to run across to London, and pass those pleasantest of hours with my dear friend George R. Sims. I dare say you know it was 'Dagonet' who gave me Fan Fan."

"You mean the idea?"

"No, a very solid Fan Fan. But are we at cross-purposes? Are you thinking of the novel or—? But here, I'll settle all this," and M. Decourcelle whistled softly and looked in every stray corner.

At last Fan Fan turned up, and his arrival pained and upset me. His mouth was open, and all that is man-eating in the canine race was incorporated in two white rows of teeth, an upturned nose, and eager eyes. Fortunately Fan Fan's head libelled him in every detail. He spoke English possibly, certainly he understood it; and in a few minutes, while we were cementing our friendship by hand-pats and snorts respectively, M. Decourcelle was telling me all about Fan Fan's private history. It seems that when he was in London, at "Opposite the Duck's Villa," he developed a violent fancy for Barney Barnato, and shortly after Fan Fan

made the journey to Paris accompanied by all good wishes and hopes of reasonable conduct from Mr. Sims.

But the object of my visit was to talk of the "Deux Gosses," and of my host and his work, and so I compounded with Fan Fan. He agreed simply to scratch himself on my lap, and in no way to interfere with our conversation.

"Where did you get the idea of the play?" I asked.

"From Charles Dickens's 'Oliver Twist,'" was the immediate and unconditional reply. "I found in the character of poor little Oliver something so pathetic, so sadly human, that I set to work at once, and wrote a play round it. After I had produced the 'As de Trèfle,' I read the piece at the Ambigu Theatre; but it did not satisfy me. Incidentally, it was then called 'Brune et Blonde.' The next day I withdrew it, because I felt that, as it stood, it was a long way from realising my ideal of what it could possibly be. The bloom," said M. Decourcelle, as he lolled back in his chair, "which imparts charm to characters in a novel cannot be rendered in drama. On the stage you want Fact, Fact, Fact, and spell Fact with the big 'F' of Carlyle. I tried my hardest, but could not render the touching character of the boy, and I could not fill up this blank by elaborating the minor details. Still, although 'Brune et Blonde' simply represented an asset tied up with red tape in a drawer in my bureau, I could never get the idea out of my head that there was something to be made of it. A love interest was necessary, and, more than that, a powerful love interest; but at the moment I could not find that love interest. Still further, I was at that time working night and day with my pen, and tasting the first-fruits of popularity with 'Fan Fan,' which was running in feuilleton form in the *Petit Parisien*. Two years ago the new manager of the Ambigu, who, by a strange coincidence, was the man to whom I read my 'Brune et Blonde' when I withdrew it, came to me, and asked if I could give him anything likely to suit the Ambigu. I reminded him of 'Brune et Blonde,' and expressed the opinion that there was a great deal in the idea. He agreed with me; you know the rest. It has been something more than a *succès de théâtre*."

"Yes. Before the stage has seen the last of it I shall be six hundred thousand francs the richer. My profit would have been even larger than that if the Ambigu audience was not *tout à fait* a special one. On the Saturdays and Sundays the *Galerie des Machines* would hardly hold the audience willing to pay for admission; but on the other nights of the week, as you know, the popular audience is resting."

"But six hundred thousand francs establishes something like a record?"

"No. I am a long way behind my uncle, M. d'Ennery, who cleared over one million with his 'Tour du Monde.'"

"Then you come of a playwright family?"

"Certainly; but I dropped into play-writing almost as much by chance as by inclination. I started life with a commission-agent, and, had a

certain marriage he had in view with a wealthy widow come off, I should, at the present moment, have been the proprietor of an exceedingly flourishing concern, involving only one-half of the troubles of the playwright. But that marriage did not come off, and I drifted on to the Bourse, where my good fortune certainly did not forsake me. But *le besoin d'écrire* was strong in me, and the fact that I won the prize for declamation of the College of France turned my thoughts towards the stage. Well, I'll summarise the rest. You know I was a *collaborateur* of the *Gaulois*, and my theatrical ventures are too recent to be treated as history."

"But," I said, interrupting M. Decourcelle, who was bent on showing me his valuable collection of pastels, "tell me something of the English stage as you see it."

"Now that is indeed a pleasure, because I can unhesitatingly compliment England. Your actors are splendid, although, frankly speaking, I do not think the actresses are equal to the French. Your lighting, your seating, and your whole arrangements seem to me to be perfect, and, a word of compliment to a much-sworn-at individual (the stage hand), I must say the way the heaviest 'set' is manœuvred is marvellous. I never lose an opportunity of drumming this into the ears of no matter what stage-manager, and urging the need of adopting English methods. Of course, there is one whom I must deal with all by himself, and that is Irving. No man, I should say, has ever so thoroughly succeeded in inspiring every member of his company with a perfect ideal. Irving is perfect. He is content to be a 'star' among 'stars,' not a Triton among the minnows. The result is that the Lyceum stage is to the world a perfect model."



M. DECOURCELLE.

Photo by Van Bosch, Paris.

A FRENCH "GOÛTER."

There is as yet no word in the French language signifying "nursery," and rarely, even in the largest of Parisian "intérieurs" and country houses, is any room specially set apart for the younger members of the family.

From the moment they get up in the morning to the time when they are lifted, large-eyed with sleepiness, out of their high chairs at the family dinner-table, even the babies live much the same lives as do their parents—or rather, as does their mother, the adored "Maman," who is always ready to put aside her own pleasures and interests in order to minister to theirs.

Only one meal can "les petits" claim as wholly their own—that is, the "goûter," which answers to our tea, excepting that fruit, biscuits,

in the room the whole time the lesson lasts, the home "preparation" is carried on in a very different fashion from that when it is left to the pupil's own discretion. What would the average English mother belonging to the upper class, but perhaps unable to afford a daily governess, say to the necessity of accompanying her own daughter each day to her High School? And yet there is no doubt that it is owing to this constant supervision and personal influence that there is so close a tie between French mothers and their girls, rendering incredible the mental position of our revolted daughters, and giving in recompense for a few years of self-denial, filial love and devotion of a very rare and lasting quality. No, one who has seen anything of average home life abroad can doubt that "they do these things better in France."

Of course, there is a reverse side to the picture. The French child, unless the parents be exceptionally intelligent and high-minded people, is



FRENCH CHILDREN AT DINNER.

and red wine and water take the place of the substantial meal which ends the day in an English nursery.

"Goûter" is always served in the dining-room, and so completely is it considered the children's meal that often an only child or a pigeon's pair will be sent off daily to have "goûter" with a group of cousins or little friends, who thus provide the companionship considered indispensable in French households, for, paradoxical as it may seem, boy and girl friendships are far more often met with abroad than they are on our side of the Channel, and many an "arranged" marriage is really the result of a very early inclination between "les jeunes gens" most interested.

Of late years French educational methods have gradually shaped themselves to modern requirements. There has as yet been no approach to the High School system, but, on the other hand, very admirably conducted special classes, organised under one roof, are to be found in every quarter of Paris. As it is an absolute *sine qua non* that the child be conducted to them by a responsible person, who is obliged to remain

apt to see and hear a great deal that it would be saved from in a British nursery. Naturally imitative, each tiny "demoiselle" is soon a miniature woman in her behaviour and general policy of life; thus she soon acquires the knowledge that good temper and politeness are necessities of life rather than virtues, and that she must on no account repeat to her friends what her parents say about theirs.

The rounds of applause which greeted the appearance of "Petit Bob" was not due to the fact that "Gyp's" brilliant book reflected French childhood, but rather that the writer had imagined an ideal *enfant terrible* whose sayings and doings appealed to the French sense of humour. Then, again, "Petit Bob" never ventured to martyrise his parents; his most fanciful and inconvenient sallies were all reserved for "M'sieur l'Abbé," his tutor, for those families who cling to the traditions of the Old Régime—but they are growing fewer every year—still consider ecclesiastical tuition sufficient for their sons, and a conventual education the most suitable for their daughters.



THE TRIAL OF JOLLY-BOY

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, HISTORIAN
FRANK VER-BECK, DISCOVERER

[Copyrighted by The Sketch.]

Now, in the Fat-book, which is the Code of Land of Low Mountains, there are written many curious laws.

There is one which forbids the eating of mince-pie and chocolate caramel at an earlier hour than six a.m. or later than 10 p.m. This is known as the "Law of Six and Ten." There is another that makes it an offence for any Dumpy to be of a girth less than twice his height, and this is called the "Law of Two to One." It was between these two laws that Jolly-boy got into trouble. It will be remembered that Jolly-boy had been deprived of the companionship of Topsy-loo, first by Commodore and then by the Snow-man. During this time he grew thin, and even after Topsy-loo the beautiful was brought back to him he did not at once recover his

squatty proportions, and Commodore, his rival, in a spirit of revenge, complained of him to the King. The rhyming chronicles relate the affair as follows—

Came Commodore, the plaintiff, then,
And to the King, said he,
"Our Jolly-boy of late has been
Too thin, it seems to me.

"He does not eat enough by day,
And lies awake by night,
Till once around his waist, they say,
Is less than twice his height."

Then Jolly-boy was summoned there,
He came with Topsy-loo,
The Owl, the 'Possum, and the Bear,
And all the others, too.

The Owl defended Jolly-boy,
The Bear was for the State;
Poor Jolly quite forgot his joy
In thinking of his fate.

And when they spanned his waist, they found
The charges made were true;
His height would more than reach around
When multiplied by two.

But when they placed him on the stand,
Most earnestly he vowed
He'd stuffed himself to beat the band
Whene'er the law allowed.

And then the Bear this grievous case
Before the King did lay,
And woe was on poor Jolly's face,
While Commodore was gay.

And then arose the Owl and said,
"Your Dumplingship," said he,
"Full many cases have I pled,
But none so sad to me.

"I pray your Dumplingship to mark
How well the facts are known,
That Jolly stuffed from dawn till dark,
And yet has thinner grown.

"And when his Topsy-loo the fair
Was gone with Commodore,
In order to dispel despair
He gorged himself the more.

"Yet ever thin and thinner grew
With anguish, as you see.
I pray, your Dumplingship, that you
Will set poor Jolly free."

At this point the Bear, whose friendship for Jolly-boy overcame his sense of public duty as Public Prosecutor, arose and asked also that the prisoner be set free.

"Oh, yes, set Jolly-boy free," pleaded all the little bears and Sir 'Possum together.

The Dumpling reflected long and deeply. Then he spoke—

"Now hearken to my royal will:
The law of 'Six and Ten'
Shall hereby be repealed until
Our Jolly's plump again.

"I choose between two ancient laws,
The pride of Dumpy Land,
And in the glory of our cause
The 'Two to One' must stand.



Then there was a great cheer in the court, and Jolly-boy and Topsy-loo were borne out on the shoulders of two of the bear cubs.

Everybody was happy except Commodore, and that evening he apologised to Jolly-boy in the course of an all-night feast which they decided to have right along while the law remained repealed. And they all liked it so well that the law stayed repealed ever after, and the Dumpsies from that time ate night and day, or when they chose, and became fatter and fatter.



THE ART OF THE DAY.

The Dowdeswell Galleries are rich in some old masters at present. Notable among these is the Portrait of a Gentleman by Adriaan Van der Werff (1659-1722). The gentleman in question wears a purple coat and a crimson velvet cloak lined with grey silk. The picture is signed and dated 1700. It is an exquisite example of the extraordinary "finish" which characterises this master's works—a finish which is surpassed by no



THE PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.—VAN DER WERFF.

The property of Messrs. Dowdeswell, and now on view at their Galleries, New Bond Street, W.

painter who ever lived. Although this canvas measures but 19 by 15 in., the details are painted with the utmost minuteness—even to the marbling of the edges of the book, each cord of the silk "back," and the tooling on the cover and edges. Van der Werff's work is very scarce in England. He was ennobled in 1703.

Another Portrait of a Gentleman belongs to an earlier period, and is the work of Jan Mostaert (1474-1555). He is dressed in black velvet doublet, with crimson velvet sleeves, and black velvet hat. The background is of that beautiful olive-green which one so frequently finds in portraits by the best painters of the period in the Low Countries and Germany. The painting of the flesh is of quite remarkable brilliancy, reminding one of Raphael, whose work, no doubt, had its influence upon that of Mostaert, as it did on that of many of the Flemish painters of the time. Mostaert was the Court painter to Margaret, sister of Philip le Bel, and painted portraits of the principal personages of his time. His pictures are very rare.

Among the other pictures on view is Van der Eeckhout's "Joseph Relating his Dream to his Brethren," and a brilliant picture of Venice by Michele Marieschi.

Miss Ellen Sparks, of Tite Street, Chelsea, has just executed an elaborate order in cut and embossed leather-work for Mr. A. M. Masani, the director of the Baroda State Museum, India. Miss Sparks has prepared a series exemplifying all the different stages of the work, from the plain piece of leather to the finished and made-up article, eight different pieces in all. The finished piece is a box of Miss Sparks' own design, partly adapted from an old drawing representing St. George on horseback in the act of killing the dragon, with a background of mediæval scroll-work. Round the lid of the box is cut in Gothic letters the words "St. George for England," and the motto "Every brave youth is in training to ride and rule his Dragon," a quotation from Emerson. The lower and bottom parts of the box are worked in basket-pattern. A similar box by the same artist is now on exhibition at the Society of Lady Artists in the Suffolk Street Galleries.

The Hanover Gallery is at present the home of a picture collection that should be exceedingly popular. The soldier, real or idealised, is the universal object of attention to the general public, and this "Military Exhibition" contains some of the best work of many among the most popular military painters of Europe. From Meissonier to Mr. Caton Woodville the legend gaily runs, catching up midway such names as

De Neuville, Beauquesne, and Detaille. The general spirit of the show is as gallant and gay as you please. It is all very well for the rather superior person to complain that, though Meissonier painted soldiers with the completest accuracy and skill, he did not paint pictures of a poetical value. That is to miss the real purpose of the painter. That there are military subjects which may be treated from an eclectic point of view is, doubtless, very true; but the military painter does not choose to take that point of view, as a rule. He paints soldiers and the situations of war just as he finds them, and therein lies a certain separate value in his work which could never belong to that of the impressionist. This value, whether you call it historical or contemporary, is the great merit of the present exhibition. It is possible that these Meissoniers, Detailles, De Neuilles, do not represent art in its highest forms; but they certainly excel as dramatic documents of exceedingly great worth, and are a most careful and brilliant record of the military manners of the time.

Mr. F. B. Tarbell has just published a very sound and interesting "History of Greek Art" (Macmillan and Co.), in which he traces, within reasonable limits of space, the whole development of the art of Greece. Starting from prehistoric times, he lights first upon architecture, as is natural, and thence passes to Greek sculpture in its transitional phase, in its great phase, and in its Hellenistic phase. Mr. Tarbell makes the spirit of all these times very apparent, showing, as it were, the flow of the river from its sources, through the calm, great places of Pheidias art, into the shallower but more jovial and naturalistic scenes of the latest Greek achievement in art, which finally found its resting-place in Rome. He adds to this excellent account chapters on Greek painting and Art in Egypt and Mesopotamia. The illustrations are capital.

Messrs. Macmillan have also issued the second part of Mr. Ernest Arthur Gardner's "Handbook of Greek Sculpture," which covers the same ground as that covered by Mr. Tarbell, but deals with the subject more severely, more completely, more technically. Mr. Gardner takes up his tale with the sculpture of the Parthenon, and discusses the whole great period of Greek art at its best with infinite care and freshness of thought, and with a good deal of distinction of style. His excellent and thoughtful study of the Hellenistic period leads him to a no less interesting chapter upon Græco-Roman and Roman sculpture, that story



THE PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.—JAN MOSTAERT.

The property of Messrs. Dowdeswell, and now on view at their Galleries, New Bond Street, W.

of the decadence of Greek art under Roman patronage which "forms but a sorry sequel to the tale of its origin and development." "It was reserved for the Tuscan sculptors," he concludes, with quiet eloquence, "to break the repose of ten centuries, and even in the last degradation of the sculpture of Greece they could find material aid, such as the early sculptors of Greece had themselves borrowed from the decadence of their predecessors."

CONCERNING CHEESE.*

Cheese, next to the "staff of life" itself, holds the highest place in universal esteem as an article of food. To recall the old Cheshire "chestnut," we all like cheese, our brothers all like cheese, and we may be fairly certain that, if we had any number of additional brothers, they would all like cheese too. Personally, when I go into a cheesemonger's shop, I generally wish I were even as that great exponent of "life on the sample system,"

Mrs. Hamper, and could "taste" extensively. If one's "bread and butter" is an expressive paraphrase for the lesser amenities of life, one's "bread and cheese" is equally so for its necessities.

Our remote ancestors seem to have "liked cheese" as well as we do, for its manufacture is one of the oldest in the world. *Roquefort* is perhaps now the only important kind made from the milk of sheep, but anciently it was not so. The very word *butter* itself seems to show that cows' milk was not used for the purpose by the ancient Greeks at all events, as it means literally *ox-cheese*. They seem to have looked on butter as the bovine equivalent of the compressed curd of the ovine product, and to have made their cheese, as the Cyclops Polyphemus made his, of sheep's milk only.

We find frequent mention of cheese in the Bible. In the Book of Job, which is of very great antiquity, a peculiar word (*gebimah*—Chap. x. 10) is used, which is the only word that the Septuagint translators have rendered by the Greek *tyros*; but there is no clue to the animal whose milk was employed in the Land of Uz, the verse containing only a metaphorical allusion. In the account of Barzillai's kind treatment of David when flying from Absalom (2 Samuel xvii. 29), our English version specially mentions "cheese of kine"; but here the Hebrew is peculiar again, and the Seventy, not being able to find any Greek equivalent for the word rendered "cheese" (*shaphah*), simply transliterated it as *σαφωθ* (*saphoth*); still, it may very possibly mean the *ox-cheese* in another form of the foregoing periphrasis. "Butter" is mentioned, indeed, in the "authorised" English of the same sentence; but the Hebrew (*chemah*) may mean "cream" or "curds," though the Seventy here, as elsewhere, render it by *boutyros*. There is another mention of "cheeses"—literally "slices of cheese" (Hebrew, *charitse hech*), sent by the hand of David to the other sons of Jesse (1 Samuel xvii. 18). Strange to say, this sending of David is omitted from the story in the Septuagint version; but, as sheep constituted the wealth of Jesse, and they only were under the care of David, it was probably of their milk that these "cheeses" were made.

If it be true that only sheep's milk was used for cheese-making in primitive times, then it is easy to explain why we do not find it among those domestic arts of which the ancient Egyptians have left us such abundant pictorial records, since we know that the Hyksos made "shepherds an abomination to the Egyptians."

Cheese-making must at one time have been a very important industry among the Israelites, as one of the principal valleys in Jerusalem, that between Mounts Zion and Moriah, was known in the time of Josephus as the *Tyropæon*, or "Cheese-makers' Valley."

Nowadays cheese is almost entirely made from the milk of cows, about one hundred thousand being employed in Cheshire alone. The *Roquefort* mentioned above does not owe its great excellence to its ovine origin, but to the splendid natural cellarage—a labyrinth of dry mountain caverns, wherein it is matured. Their ventilation is so perfect that no deleterious "mould" or "must" can lodge there. At Mont d'Or, in France, a very good cheese is made of goats' milk.

It is said that there is no more imperiously engrossing occupation than that of a Cheshire cheese-farm. Ceaseless and anxious attention is required from all concerned in the most important processes, and no railway signalman has to keep longer at his post, or bear a more severe mental strain, than the head-dairymaids of such an establishment. Sundays and week-days to them must be alike; cheese, and cheese only, must be their one occupation for mind and body. If all the accounts

an outsider hears be true, it must involve almost a slavery, though not, as in too many other trades, an unhealthy one.

One Johann von Müller (I wonder where he got the *von*?), however, once wrote a poem on the connection between cheese and liberty, perhaps instigated by the fact that most of the richer cheeses come from wild, mountainous countries, the favourite homes of freedom. In one's own mind there seems to be a strong bond between cheese and beautiful scenery. Neuchâtel calls up memories of the lake beneath the pine-clad Jura, with the profile of Mont Blanc lying far away, on the southern horizon, like a dream of ethereal sculpture; Parmesan speaks of further wanderings, past that horizon, into the land of song and azure skies; Gruyère takes us up among the glories of the High Alps, to the border of the ice and snow, where we listen to the tinkle of the cow-bells, the everlasting song of the cicadas, and the occasional echo-music of the native horn (*c'quante c'time, si v'plait, M'sieu!*—bah! one wants to go home again). Well, then, Wensleydale, a cheese not a quarter so well known as it ought to be, takes us back and away up among the Yorkshire moorland, where we can stroll along by our well-loved trout-stream, in spirit, at least, and evolve one more voracious narrative to astonish the club with. Perhaps the strong odour of cheese may have (according to well-known physiological principles) a great deal to do with its power as a memory-refresher. I can well remember my first introduction to that *durian* of caseous delicacies, the "petit Camembert"; it brings no romantic associations beyond the pretty face of the damsel who served me, but the sm—, the st—, well, the perfume, now always sets before me every stick of furniture in the somewhat squalid room wherein the introduction took place. So do I remember my first tasting of Gruyère, more than thirty years ago, at the *Schweizerhof*, in Basel; but I didn't like it, and to this day I don't; still its odour always brings back the then new sensation that some poet has described—

'Tis transport to inhale the bright, sweet air.
The Alpine bee is revelling in its glare,
And roving with its minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds and enamelled moss, &c.

But I am quoting from another more-than-thirty-years' memory. Gouda cheese recalls little of the picturesque, save to those who can find it in green flats dotted with magnified penny-a-box toys, and cows enveloped in Brodingtonian flannel waistcoats; but for me it brings to mind a drive in our own Lake Country, through the sleet of a wild winter night, and at the end welcome, and warmth, and soft lights; and my genial host—a very realisation of "Father Christmas," with flowing snow-white beard and locks, and jolly, rubicund face, and all a retired "bagman's" knowledge of good cheer; and oh, such an ambrosia of a round of spiced beef! with—ye gods!—such horse-radish sauce! made with *such* cream! and *such* nectar of whisky-punch to wash it down with! It was to the Dutch cheese, which I then first ate, what the Swiss butter and honey were to my first Gruyère.

To go back for a little to the antiquities of cheese—one thinks of the venerable old jokes connected therewith; of Good King Arthur's serving men, "all of whom were thieves"; and how

The Scotchman was burned in his usquebang
The Englishman drowned in his ale,
And the Welshman,

who "made his mouth like a mouse-trap" (perhaps he meant it for a "rabbit"-burrow)—

was nearly choked by a mouse,
But he pulled—pulled—pulled it out by the tail!

And this draws on the conundrum, by the author of "Where was Adam when —?" &c., "What comes after sweets?" Answer, "Cheese." "And what comes after cheese?" Answer, "Mouse." So we step back into genuinely classical times, and think of the pseudo-Homeric "Batrachomyomachia" ("Battle of the Frogs and Mice"), in which that valiant hero, Tyrophagus, bears so distinguished a part. *Tyrophagus* means, literally, "cheese-eater," and is the name given in the Kalendar to the Fifth Sunday in Lent by the Eastern Church, probably to mark some degree in the severity of the Lenten fast, which is more stringently observed there than in the West. An abbreviation of the same word, namely, "tyro," is familiar to us, meaning "a beginner," one who should not venture on "strong meat," or attempt anything (relatively to perfect achievement) more difficult than the mastication of cheese.

And this brings us to another venerable jest, which I disinter from the good old "Elegant Extracts"—

Jack, eating rotten cheese; did say,
"Like Samson, I my thousands slay";
"I vow," quoth Roger, "that you do,
And with the self-same weapon too."

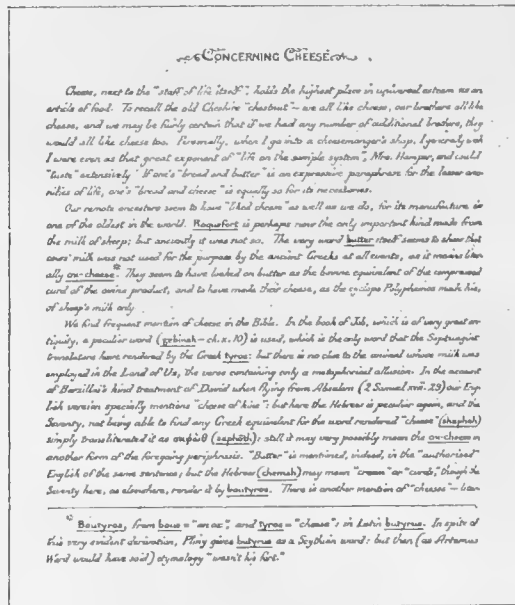
Thinking of the myriad attractions of a ripe Stilton, one wonders how a mite-devouring, oyster-swallowing Englishman can ever have scorned his neighbours for eating frogs or snails—not uncooked, still less alive. I am told that some gourmards even like the maggots, that harbour in a damp (and spoilt) Gorgonzola, but "one must draw the line somewhere; and I draws it at" white, soft, flabby things that jump. They have only one conceivable use, these fellows, and that is for cross-country racing. On the flat they are simply "not in it" with biscuit-maggots, as they will never progress two inches between the flags. Try one, and just as you are beginning to feel interested in him, he will put his head and tail together, and then—phit!—where are you? But if you *must* bet, you can bet whether your mount or Roger's will jump first or furthest. B. M.

* The *durian* is a Malayan fruit, whose odour is as offensive as its taste is delicious.

* So beautifully written is the manuscript of this article that no editor could resist, first, the impulse to publish it, and, secondly, the desire to reproduce it in facsimile for the benefit of the great illegible.—Ed.

+ *Boutyros*, from *bous* = "an ox," and *tyros* = "cheese": in Latin, *butyros*. In spite of this very evident derivation, Pliny gives *butyros* as a Scythian word; but then (as Artemus Ward would have said) etymology "wasn't his forte."

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF THIS ARTICLE.



THE BOOK OF RUTH.

Illustrated by Gilbert James.



A PROLIFIC PENMAN.

A CHAT WITH MR. PERCY FITZGERALD.

The name of Percy Fitzgerald suggests books innumerable. It suggests also a man of letters whose interests are manifold. How so many irons are kept glowing is an interesting question upon which Mr. Fitzgerald recently consented to talk with a representative of *The Sketch*, who spent a pleasant afternoon with the author in his study. That apartment, by the way, belongs to the realm of romance. It is like a page from "The Antiquary."

After we had enjoyed some chat of a purely non-personal nature, I persuaded Mr. Fitzgerald to talk of his work and recreation.

"I fancy," he began, "I might be considered the champion writer of the country—merely, of course, as regards the amount of volumes written. This is nothing to boast of, but in these days of 'records' the fact may count for something. The exact number? Well, over two hundred—perhaps two hundred and a dozen."

"It must be difficult to keep count?"

"Yes, but still more so to keep copies. I know I've quite forgotten some, and some it is impossible to procure. I was asking Miss Braddon the other night at the Lyceum what was her 'tale.' She calculated it was one hundred and fifty volumes."

"As to your subjects, Mr. Fitzgerald, biography, of course, is largely represented?"

"I have written some twenty-five important biographies, but my work embraces all subjects. Five books are devoted to autobiography. There are over thirty novels, six books of travel, a dozen on the stage. I have edited several important works, Boswell's Johnson twice, my six-volume edition of Lamb's being constantly reissued. Political pamphlets I have written in great number."

"And yet these, I know, are only a few of your pursuits?"

"I have been many things—a lecturer on all sorts of subjects, and have performed at all sorts of places. I have just given a series of lectures on Architecture—of all subjects—for I have a passion for it. The other day I lectured in Edinburgh on Robert Adam and his school. I have addressed most of the leading societies of architects in England and Scotland."

Not only in theory, but in practice, does Mr. Fitzgerald prove his devotion to art. He confessed himself a painter, and showed me some ingenious specimens of his skill, the most striking being a clever imitation of oil-painting executed in water-colour—a portrait of Poussin. This portrait Mr. Fitzgerald gave to Forster, the biographer of Dickens. At Forster's death the picture returned to Mr. Fitzgerald's keeping.

"Here, again," said my host, "are some of my attempts—don't call them 'works'—in modelling: Irving, done from life in this room seventeen years ago; Carlyle, in his hat. The sage gave me a sitting just before his death. Pinero, Leighton, Browning, Charles Mathews, Lytton, Matthew Arnold, Buckstone, Ibsen—I think I have rather a knack at a likeness."

As Mr. Fitzgerald brought forward the counterfeit of the great Norwegian, I was fain to confess that he had, indeed, a knack at a likeness, for he had caught the dramatist most happily. That cockatoo-like front was unmistakable.

"By the way," Mr. Fitzgerald remarked casually, "the modelling of the fireplace and doorway is also my work."

A further word or two on modelling, and then my host went on to claim allegiance to yet another art.

"Of music," he confessed, "I am passionately fond, and can boast that I was one of the first to bring over the score of Wagner's 'Lohengrin.' That was in 1856."

"And the reception, Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"Roars of laughter from the various professors who tried it over. One of the most hostile critics is now the most devoted of Wagnerians. I spoke to him at the close of 'Tristan und Isolde' one evening last summer, and he confessed himself to be perfectly enraptured with the performance."

"I can imagine that these subsidiary studies help your literary work, Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"They really form a portion of my literary baggage. That is my only excuse for mentioning my trifling with various instruments—violin,

piano, flute. Music, I find, ministers to efficiency in the writing department. It's a delightful relief, and keeps the ideas *in moto perpetuo*."

"I think you claim kinship also with the journalistic (shall I say?) art as well?"

"I have been a critic—dramatic, musical, and pictorial. All kinds of work have fallen to my hand, from a special mission for a great morning to 'doing' the opening of a music-hall."

"Do you prefer the life of the student to that of the Pressman?"

"I cannot say I do. There is a keener enjoyment, I think, in writing to-day what you know a large audience will be reading to-morrow. It brings the writer closer to his public, I think."

Nor was this the end of Mr. Fitzgerald's many rôles. He confessed that he had been Sheriff of his county, and, during his legal career in Ireland, had held the office of Public Prosecutor.

"Returning to 'hobbies,' Mr. Fitzgerald, you must have much to say about your various collections?"

"I am a tremendous collector of all sorts and conditions of things, rare old books, notably early printed 'fifteeners,' and Mr. Fitzgerald produced a beautiful copy of Pliny's Natural History. "Then I have collected play-bills and choice old plays by the thousand. Here is an example of the earliest issue of Shakspeare in single plays. The first leaves are remarkable. They are not printing, but manuscript. Yet the printing is so beautifully imitated as almost to baffle detection."

"Look at those cases," continued my host; "they contain part of the finest collection of Stafford figures in England."

"Any Tobies?"

"A great number. You shall see them when we go upstairs. In the meantime, returning to books, I should like to show you my Irving collection, a wonderful affair. These fifteen folio volumes contain every scrap that has been written about Sir Henry, and every known play-bill, picture, or cartoon relating to him. These coloured prints are exceedingly rare. This work has occupied me some twenty years."

It would take years, one fancies, to do justice to that colossal scrap-book, at which it was only possible to glance. The glance, however, showed how rich and interesting it was, and I felt almost sorry when Mr. Fitzgerald called my attention to another marvel.

"Come, now," he said, "and see my Pickwick Room, where I keep the materials for a sort of 'Monumental Pickwick,' which fills about thirty quarto volumes."

"Here," he continued, as we entered the apartment where the mass of material awaits the binder, "are almost all the known illustrations to 'Pickwick,' about one thousand in number, and pictures of every place described in the work. There are also translations into

French, German (with comically German pictures), Dutch, Swedish, Russian, &c., besides 'Pickwick' in all notable editions; 'Pickwick' in shorthand and for the blind, together with commentaries, criticisms, descriptions, proof-sheets, biographical notes of the author 'Boz' himself, and thirty or forty original notes and letters.

"Yes, I have many reminiscences of Dickens," Mr. Fitzgerald went on. "I worked for him a great deal. Sometimes, when one had several stories running in his publications, there would come a moment of entanglement—the way out seemed impossible. Then Dickens would, as it were, call accounts, would talk over the situation in the kindest manner, and suggest ways of getting over the difficulty."

"How do you find time for all your pursuits, Mr. Fitzgerald?"

"They might well make the day seem too short, and yet I consider myself an idle man. I spend more time perhaps at the Athenæum Club than any other member. Any day *sine linea* seems lost."

"There cannot be many such?"

"There ought not to be, at any rate, for writing has become for me a daily exercise of expression, like conversation. From this habit the mind is perpetually at work; observation is quickened; every object takes a new significance. Where others note only familiar figures and colours, you pierce below to a sort of philosophy of things, thence always new suggestions for essays or books."

"May I ask what are your working hours?"

"I confess I burn the candle at both ends. I go to bed about one o'clock, and never fail to be up and out before seven. The morning up to one o'clock I usually devote to writing. After that I feel free."

Then, remembering that the afternoon was well advanced, and that Mr. Fitzgerald's recreation hours were precious, I drew a most interesting interview to a close.



MR. PERCY FITZGERALD.

"THE CIRCUS GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Dora Wemyss (Miss Ellaline Terriss) was a schoolgirl who fell in love with Dick Capel (Mr. Seymour Hicks), an artist.

This piece—the book by James T. Tanner and W. Palings, the music by Ivan Caryll and Lionel Monckton, and the lyrics by Harry Greenbank and Adrian Ross—was produced at the Gaiety Theatre on Dec. 5, 1896, with the following cast—

Dick Capel	Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS.
Sir Titus Wemyss	Mr. HARRY MONCKHOUSE.
Drivelli (Proprietor of Circus)	Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS.
Hon. Reginald Gower	Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER.
Auguste } Clowns	Mr. WILLIE WARDE.
Adolphe }	Mr. BERTIE WRIGHT.
Albertoni (Ring-Master)	Mr. COLIN COOP.
Commissaire of Police	Mr. ROBERT NAINBY.
Vicomte Gaston	Mr. MAURICE FARKOA.
Toothick Pasha (The Terrible Turk)	Mr. ARTHUR HOPE.
Rudolf (The Cannon King)	Mr. E. D. WARDES.
Proprietor of the Café de la Régence	Mr. LESLIE HOLLAND.
Flobert	Mr. ROBERT SELBY.
Cocher	Mr. W. F. BROOKE.
Sergent de Ville	Mr. FRED RING.
Valliant	Mr. W. H. POWELL.
Biggs (An American Bar-Tender)	Mr. EDMUND PAYNE.
Lucille (A Slack-Wire Walker)	Miss KATIE SEYMOUR.
"La Favorita"	Miss ETHEL HAYDON.
Mrs. Drivelli	Miss CONNIE EDISS.
Lady Diana Wemyss	Miss MARIA DAVIS.
Marie	Miss GRACE PALOTTA.
Louise	Miss LILY JOHNSTON.
Liane } The Serpentine Quartette	Miss LOUIE COOTE.
Emilie }	Miss ALICE BETELLE.
Juliette }	Miss MAIDIE HOPE.
Comtesse d'Epérnay	Miss ADA MAITLAND.
Marquise de Millefleurs	Miss KATHLEEN FRANCIS.
Mdlle. Gompson	Miss ALICE NEILSON.
Dora Wemyss	Miss ELLALINE TERRISS.

DANCERS—MILLES. MAGGIE FRAZER, ETHEL NIELD, LOTTIE WILLIAMS, and MADGE GREET.



This is Sir Titus Wemyss (Mr. Harry Monkhouse), who is at once a diplomat and a dude, and never sees a pretty girl without making up to her.



So that when M. Drivelli (Mr. Arthur Williams) brings his circus to the town, Sir Titus quickly becomes involved with the ladies of the troupe.

"THE CIRCUS GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS GRACE PALOTTA AS MARIE, "LA FAVORITA'S" DRESSER.

"THE CIRCUS GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS ETHEL HAYDON AS "LA FAVORITA."

"THE CIRCUS GIRL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



Vicomte Gaston (Mr. Maurice Farkoa) figures at the artists' ball in the last act, and sings a familiar laughing song.



The belle of the ball, of course, is the chief equestrienne, "La Favorita," who masquerades as a shepherdess.



I envy the man with the dogs who perform,
And give themselves airs when waltzing in pairs;



On globes they can roll, and through hoops they can swarm,
Or waddle on hind legs downstairs.

DORA REHEARSING A CIRCUS SCENE WITH CAPEL.

STAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

It was a glorious July day, and everybody was in the highest spirits. By "everybody" I mean all those who had come down by the "specials," and who hurried on in break and brougham to "The Towers," where a *fête champêtre* was to be given in honour of the majority of the young master. The dramatic world was largely represented among the company. From the terrace before the house there might have been seen the improvised theatre and the luncheon-tents; while a huge marquee had been appropriated to a Cinderella when darkness should set in and the gardens would burst into a fairyland of coloured lamps. But it is not my purpose to dwell on the amusements, but rather to refer to a conversation held by a group of spectators who were seated and watching the games under the shadow of some wide-spreading beeches, which shut in a natural little amphitheatre of sloping green-sward.

Some servants in black-and-mulberry coloured liveries were handing iced drinks about, when someone cried out, "Here's good luck to young S——!" a toast duly honoured.

"What a wonderful thing is luck!" remarked my nearest neighbour, a pretty little blonde with great blue eyes. "It will be my first appearance in a speaking part to-morrow. I hope the curtain won't get hitched up, or anything happen uncanny."

"Ah, then, you're superstitious, that's certain!" I replied.

"Why, of course, isn't everyone in our profession? Aren't you? For instance, don't you believe in a black cat crossing the stage on the first night presaging a long run for the piece?"

"Isn't it rather what brings bad luck that's the rub?" chimed in Miss Cissy Grahame, who was dressed in a charming Zingara frock, and who had overheard our remarks. "Some things are quite fatal to good luck, I believe. For instance, I wouldn't for worlds allow anyone of my company to wear green on the stage."

"Oh! then you believe, with the Scottish folk, that the fairies take offence when mortals wear green, their favourite colour? and in England too, in the North, it is held to be ominous to be married in green, while others say that it is not unlucky to don that colour on a Friday, especially if emeralds be part of your jewellery," said I.

"To my mind, nothing is so fatal as humming or whistling the music from 'Macbeth' inside a theatre," put in a deep voice, which was Herbert Standing's, behind me.

"As to whistling, you know, of course, that if you whistle in a dressing-room the person nearest the door will be first to get her notice. It's not a bad way to get rid of an unpopular member of the company, some say," remarked a well-known comédienne.

"The idea arises, perhaps, from the fact that the whistler, or golden plover, was anciently considered a bird of ill omen; you may remember Spenser in the 'Faerie Queene' says, 'The whistler shrill that whoso hears doth die'?" I suggested.

"Oh, I say, that sounds rather creepy," observed Arthur Ring. "It is as bad as thirteen in a cast or thirteen at table. That reminds me that the night my wife was laid up with scarlet fever in Johannesburg we had sat down thirteen to luncheon, and on that night at supper we mustered the same number. The next day poor Miss—— committed suicide."

"Well, it's quite suicidal to put up an umbrella on the stage, or to return to a dressing-room after saying good-night, unless you sit down for a while," interrupted one of the tennis-players, as he lay on the turf half hidden under his fiancée's lace parasol. "Here, Cecil Ramsey," he added, "you give us a wheeze, dear boy."

"Well, you mustn't do knitting on the stage, I'm told," replied Mr. Ramsey, with an incredulous smile.

"Or wear black pins," broke in a pretty girl from a hammock.

"Or repeat the tag of a play at rehearsal," put in another.

"It is equally disastrous, 'tis said, for any young lady to read the Marriage Service right through, unless one wants to die an old maid," said a popular parson, who seemed much amused at the worried look on several young faces his quiet remark had caused.

"Of course, Friday is always an unlucky day," declared someone else.

"Not so," objected the curate. "Friday is a particularly favourite day for weddings in Scotland, especially in Glasgow, where quite seventy-five per cent. of the marriages are celebrated on that day."

"Nor is Friday an unlucky day in the States," chimed in a fair New Yorker. "Didn't Columbus discover America on a Friday, and wasn't George Washington born on that day? Besides, your own Dickens always regarded Fridays as his lucky days."

"Good luck, indeed! Here comes John Hollingshead. Let's have his opinion!" I cried, as I caught sight of his cheery face.

"Theatrical superstitions, indeed! My word! that's a tall order. Why, there's scores of them," said Honest John, throwing himself into an easy-chair. "It's a theatrical superstition that a property supper can deceive an audience, or that a free-list audience looks in any way like a paying one. Then, too, it is a superstition that a piece received by a green-room audience with laughter will prove a failure, or that a piece similarly read in dismal silence will turn out a gold-mine; while some people actually believe that actors never read press notices. Tut! I have brought out many successful pieces—would you believe it?—on a Friday, while I have had no cause to regret Mr. Alfred Thompson's free use of peacock colouring in his costumes, and he was the first to dare adopt it. I have made thousands at an 'unlucky' theatre, and lost them at a 'lucky' theatre; besides having had a sensational success with an 'unlucky' actor in the company. So much for theatrical superstitions."—T. H. L.

TWO DANCERS IN "THE CIRCUS GIRL."

"The Circus Girl" is full of clever dancing; Mr. Seymour Hicks, for instance, waxes extraordinarily vigorous. Miss Katie Seymour and Mr. Edmund Payne—the latter scarce so agile as of yore—are excellent in the dance to their duet about clowns, with its bright, catchy chorus—

Clowns, clowns, clowns,
Troublesome, tricky clowns!
Filling with joy
Each little boy
When we go through the towns.
Clowns, clowns, clowns,
Mischievous monkey clowns!
Quite little, bright little,
Right little, tight little
Clowns, clowns, clowns!

And then there is a *pas de deux* danced by two ladies who are not so familiar to playgoers as are most Gaiety Girls. These are Miss Madge Greet and Miss Edith Denton. Miss Greet has only lately returned from America. Hitherto she has delighted Londoners at the Prince of Wales's in "Maid Marian," as well as in "La Cigale" at the Lyric, and in "Humpty - Dumpty" during one pantomime season at Drury Lane. She is one of Mr. D'Auban's most successful pupils, and made her début in a descriptive song and dance



MISS MADGE GREET.

Photo by Sarony, New York.

with Miss Emma D'Auban in Mrs. Langtry's production of "Antony and Cleopatra," returning to that play when it was given at the Royal English Opera House by Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Then she joined Mr. George Edwards' company, and after appearing at the Gaiety, went on an extensive Continental tour with "Faust" and "Carmen Up to Date," visiting Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Trieste, Graz, and many other cities and towns in the South of Europe, even going so far as Bucharest. During this most enjoyable tour the company naturally had many strange and amusing experiences, and were detained for five days at Vercaron, a little village by the Danube, and on the Roumanian frontier, in quarantine, and during that time they slept in waggons covered with straw, and twice daily had their tongues examined and were disinfected, besides being guarded by armed soldiers, who had orders to shoot anyone attempting to pass the border. On her return Miss Greet was secured by Miss Nellie Farren for her initial venture on re-opening the Opéra Comique, and as the "Model Trilby" scored a great success, after which she went to America with "The Queen of Brilliants," as well as to play Miss Katie Seymour's part in "The Shop Girl," and also in "An Artist's Model." Miss Denton has been working her way to the front in the London theatrical world during the past year, for she made her first appearance in town on the production of "The New Barmaid," at the



MISS EDITH DENTON.

Photo by Medrington, Liverpool.

Avenue, in which piece she took the part of Mabel, a rôle she had sustained on tour and at the Métropole Theatre, and one she resigned only owing to a pantomime engagement at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. Miss Denton is a Londoner by birth, but was educated at Southsea, though, having left school while still very young, she is now only eighteen years of age, and still looks a mere child, with her big blue eyes and fair wavy hair. She made her first appearance in Mr. Sidney Cooper's pantomime party, after which she went on tour with Mr. Mackay Robertson's "Jaunty Jane Shore" company, and then was one of the chief attractions for the pantomime of 1894-5 at the Shakspeare Theatre, Liverpool, after which she joined "The New Barmaid" company. The *pas de deux* is very catchy, and adds much to the vivacity of the second act of "The Circus Girl."

HOW A PEERAGE IS MADE.

So long as our present social system exists the making of Peerages will be a work of necessity. And I cannot help saying that I often wish some enterprising publisher would issue a small popular hand-book explaining the mysteries of courtesy titles, of precedence, and relative matters,



MR. A. G. M. HESILRIGE.

Photo by Stilos, Kensington High Street, W.

for the use of novelists and journalists, whose work obliges them to deal with titled personages, fictitious and otherwise. There is money in a manual of this kind. Our sub-editors—able and careful Brixton men mostly—cannot all move in “Society,” or be elected to West-End clubs; but that is no excuse for ignorance. A hand-book, I repeat, is wanted badly, for the journalist’s time is too fully occupied to allow him to master the intricate particulars usually given in the Peerages.

It is not the slap-dash reporter or the be-scissored sub-editor alone who slips; a like tendency to error may be observed in the work of some of our principal writers of fiction. For instance, Mr. Hall Caine, in his new novel, “The Christian,” designates the father of his principal character Lord Storm,

while the son is referred to on occasion as the *Hon.* and *Rev.* Mr. Storm. Now, Lord Storm is described as brother of the Earl of Erin, and herein lies the crux of my objection. Unless the Earl’s brother had been created a peer—and there is nothing to show this was the case—he was simply the *Hon.* Mr. Storm, and his son was entitled to no courtesy designation whatever.

The title of this article indicates something more than its scope. The particular Peerage to which I refer—“Debrett’s Peerage, Baronetage, &c.”—is already “made,” but every year it has to be corrected and kept “up to date.” A word as to the personality of the editor. I had imagined him—he will pardon me, I am sure—a weakened, parchment-faced individual, well stricken in years, short in sight and in temper, a taker of snuff, and a devourer of black-letter folios. On calling at his office, on the premises of Messrs. Dean and Son, Limited, in Fleet Street, by appointment, a surprise was waiting for me. The editor of “Debrett” is young, well-set-up, good-looking, and fair-spoken. Moreover, there is a certain fitness in his occupying his present position. Mr. Arthur George Maynard Hesilrige belongs most emphatically to what is usually termed a “good” family. His grandfather, the Rev. Charles Maynard Hesilrige, was a brother of Sir Arthur Hesilrige—the name is now spelt Hazlerigg by the chief—eleventh baronet, of Nosely Hall, Leicestershire, and he can reckon among his paternal ancestors that distinguished Parliamentary officer, Sir Arthur Hesilrige, second baronet, commander of the “Lobsters,” and Governor of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. Hesilrige was born in 1863, and educated at Wellington College. He was formerly sub-editor of “Debrett,” but succeeded to the editorship in 1887.

“Who was Debrett?” I inquired, on being shown into his room, which is filled from top to bottom with Peerages and works of reference.

“Ah! I thought you would ask that,” he replied, smiling, “but I am ready for you. John Debrett was a bookseller, who, in 1781, took over the business of John Almon, a publisher, whose shop opposite the Burlington Arcade was, in those days, a frequent resort of the Whig Party. Almon used to publish Collins’ ‘Peerage of England,’ as well as Peerages of Scotland and Ireland. Debrett continued to carry on this publishing business, but finally he compiled his ‘Correct Peerage,’ which he continued to edit till his death in 1822. Debrett’s Peerage was published intermittently till about 1849. Then there was a gap till 1863, when the work was bought out of Chancery by the late Mr. G. A. H. Dean, of Dean and Son. Since that year it has been published annually by that firm.”

“How can ‘Debrett’ claim to be over a hundred and eighty years old?”

“In this way. The first edition of Collins’ was published between 1709 and 1713, and the imprint of the edition of 1779 bears the names of both Collins and Almon, so that Debrett is the legitimate heir-of-line and successor of the earlier work.”

“Just so. What is your method of procedure?”

“Well, I take last year’s ‘Debrett,’ the proofs of which are made up into as many as thirteen separate volumes with wide margins. I keep my eyes on the births, deaths, and marriages in the newspapers and on the *Gazettes* throughout the year, and make the necessary alterations and additions on the margins. Much information, of course, comes in voluntarily. About the last week in May we begin to send out proofs, and corrections continue to be made up to the last moment of going to press on Nov. 30. All the type is kept standing, so that alterations can at once be made as they occur.”

“Do you have much difficulty with your proofs?”

“Not much, as people are wonderfully courteous in returning them. I sometimes receive funny letters, and this is one of the funniest.”

From a bundle of neatly arranged letters Mr. Hesilrige selected one which he handed me. The postal address was Thirsk, but the name of the indignant and ungrammatical sender had been discreetly omitted—in fact, it was anonymous. It ran as follows—

The Countess of — begs to inform Debrett as long as he puts the dates of ladies’ births in his “Peerage” she will not allow a copy of his work in her house, and this fact was also stated by a large number of her friends, who asserted at her table last evening that as soon as the proof-sheet is sent for correction it is committed to the fire.

Another letter shown me came from a proud-stomach’d Irish baronet, of ancient lineage, in reduced circumstances. He wished the editor to state that he had declined the patronage of three separate Lords-Lieutenant, and turned a deaf ear to the cooings of several wealthy sirens who were anxious to purchase his bachelor hand and title.

“My principal difficulty,” resumed Mr. Hesilrige, “is in dealing with the claims of persons who have assumed titles to which they have not proved their right. I ask the claimants to call on me here, so that I may have an opportunity of hearing what they have to say and examine any papers they may possess. Some are shy, but others come readily enough.”

“They are usually claimants to baronetcies?” I interjected.

“Yes; the baronetage is in rather a bad way, and nothing short of prohibitive legislation can purify it. As the law at present stands, any man can assume with impunity some presumably extinct or dormant baronetcy created prior to 1783. More than that, there are some baronetcies with two claimants, both of whom assume the same title. That is the case with the Cox baronetcy, created in 1706; and that of Payne of St. Christopher’s, West Indies, dating from 1737, is in the same position. The two claimants to the last-mentioned baronetcy are descended from brothers, and each adopts the title on the assumption that he is the rightful claimant, the dispute having arisen in the early part of the present century between their ancestors over a question of legitimacy.”

“Then there is some justification for the common alliterative reference to the ‘bold, bad baronet,’ only, I take it, his claim is often worse than the man himself?”

“You may, if you please. I have made a calculation, and, taking the whole baronetage, I should say there are possibly nearly sixty doubtful cases. About twenty of these are more or less notorious.”

“A very considerable list. Now, I observe, you do not give the name of Viscount Hinton, the organ-grinder, as heir to Earl Poulett.”

“No,” said Mr. Hesilrige, smiling, “we have not done so for several years. I have my own opinions on the point, but I do not wish to prejudice a case which may eventually be fought out in the House of Lords. I have certain certificates connected with the subject, and can let you see them.”

The certificates, I may say, are quite in order, the only peculiarity being that the father of Elizabeth Lavinia, the first Countess Poulett, one Newman, a Southsea pilot, is described as “Gent.,” another abuse of that long-suffering word, not uncommon in documents of this kind, when the contracting parties are of different ranks in life.

“You must offend occasionally? Are legal actions taken against you?”

“We are frequently threatened with actions—two or three a year on an average—but they are always dropped, and this fact in itself is a satisfactory testimony to the accuracy of ‘Debrett.’”

In the course of further conversation Mr. Hesilrige gave me some interesting statistics as to the work he edits. Taking the “House of Commons” as an integral part, “Debrett” contains about 10,000 surnames, 12,000 titled personages, and 600,000 facts. During the year 120,000 communications are sent out or received. Everybody mentioned in the book gets at least one proof, probably two or more. As many as 400 or 500 letters a-day are received during the later months of the year, and these have all to be sorted and arranged so that the corrections can easily be picked out. This done, they are all registered and carefully put away. The work of correction entails a very large amount of labour. When the Duke of Atholl ceased spelling his title “Athole,” a few years ago, alterations had to be made in fifty different places.

There are some 2400 pages in the series, and the books weigh together nearly seven pounds. Twenty thousands of yards of cloth, besides a large quantity of calf and morocco, are used in the binding; while the electro-plates of armorial bearings represent a locked-up capital of £2000. The work contains upwards of 16,000,000 letters, and the weight of the type used amounts to 15,000 lb. The cost of composing is about one penny per hundred letters, and this alone comes to a very large sum.

A great deal more could be written on the subject. The plan of “making” the annual “Debrett” is practically that of other Peerages, but it would be difficult to find an editor whose work is more systematically or more conscientiously carried on than that of Mr. Hesilrige. It is a conventional habit of novelists and others to refer to the “fables in ‘Debrett,’” but any person acquainted with genealogies will at once recognise that the irresponsible critics holding such language are committing themselves to a libel of work which is thoroughly accurate in detail, and a marvel of well-digested fact.

J. F. GEORGE.



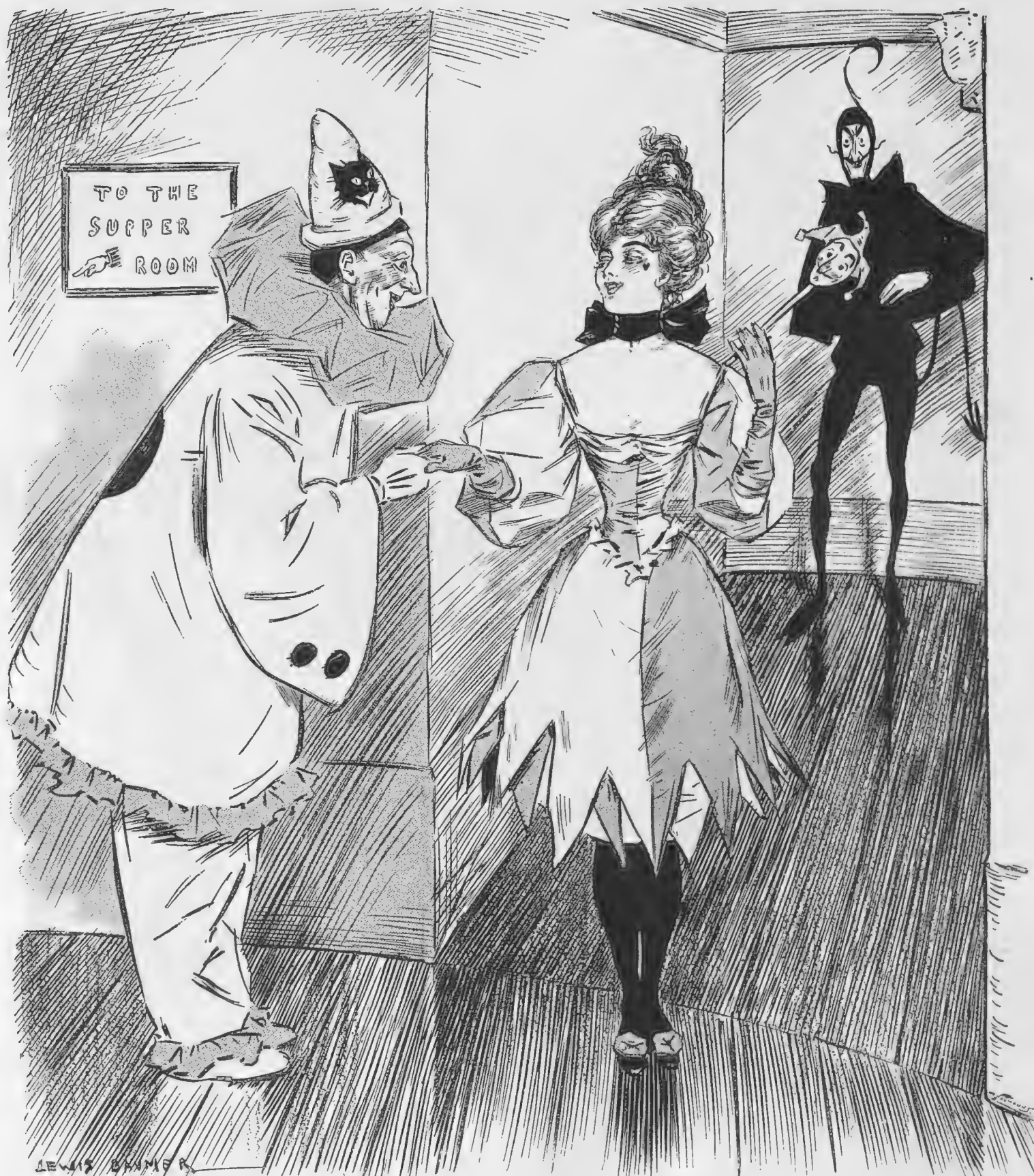
THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



MRS. K. : Have you seen Lady H. since her husband's death ?

MRS. L. : No ; I am told that she goes nowhere and refuses to see her most intimate friends.

MRS. K. : How strange ! She doesn't deserve to be a widow.



NOT SO BAD AS IT SOUNDS.

"Let me take you down to supper."

"Can't. I promised him."

"Oh, all right; then go to the devil!"



COUNSEL (*for the defence, cross-examining detective*): You are so exceedingly clever that I have no doubt you are quite capable of discovering the proverbial needle in the bundle of hay?

WITNESS: Well, there are some needles I fancy I could find.

COUNSEL: Ah! a knitting-needle, perhaps?

WITNESS: No; Cleopatra's! (*Collapse of Counsel.*)



"AND NOW WE SHAN'T BE LONG!"

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

WHEN THE DEVIL DRIVES.

BY BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

A meagre room, sparingly furnished, devoid of comfort, in one corner of which, close to the empty grate, a man sat, his head resting on his hand, a stupid, dazed expression on his coarse, clumsy face. At his feet stood a bottle containing brandy, and a broken tumbler.

Through the curtainless windows the wind moaned and sighed, spent with blustering across a dreary space of waste ground that lay between them and the docks, where the sheets of driving rain met and merged into a black expanse of sluggish water, and formed a grey horizon hanging like a pall between the life of the town and the death of the deserted yards and trucks beyond.

The hands were "on strike," and, since their demands were designedly exorbitant, likely to remain so. Sooner or later a compromise would have to be arranged; but, in the face of its imminence, the close of each day marked a more belligerent attitude on the part of the men, a more silently passive resistance on the side of the masters.

As the subdued daylight waned, the man's drowsiness deepened to a soddened sleep, from which he awakened with an oath when, with the sudden opening of the door, a gust of wind and rain swept in and flung a shower of icy drops into his face.

"Curse it!" he said, starting to his feet; "what the—oh! it's you, Nell."

The flickering light from the street lamp showed a woman in the doorway, and as she closed the door with one hand, and unwound a drenched shawl from her head with the other, she said, in a voice that was strangely incongruous with her surroundings, so low and soft and sweet was it—

"Why, Dave, what's the matter? You are not nervous again, are you?"

He muttered something unintelligible, and sank back into his chair again, while she felt along the mantelpiece for some matches and lit a candle.

The light showed that on her arm she held a sleeping child, over whom she bent with a whispered word of fondness, and, crossing to the farther corner of the room, laid it gently on the wretched mattress that, with its scanty covering of blankets, served them for a bed. Then she turned and looked steadily at her husband.

Even in that dim atmosphere there could be no question as to her beauty.

Nature, with her sublime disregard of persons or pretensions, seeking, as she often does, among the lowliest of her children for a king or queen, had stamped Nell with the brand of majesty.

By right of gifts that were her letters patent of nobility, she took her way with undisputed pre-eminence amid the dingy byways and squalid surroundings of a dock-labourer's life.

Her handsome looks and gentle bearing had not failed to impress the very roughest of the rough class among whom she lived, and even their cramped sense of the fitness of things recognised that she should have been "born a lady."

The masses of fair hair, golden as though the sunlight had burnt into it, swept away from a broad, white forehead, outlining an oval head, and waving low upon a neck whose firm roundness rose untrammelled from the folds of a scarf loosely knotted about it.

Deep-brown eyes, with shadows under them that told of tiredness and hunger, shone through a veil of drooping lashes, dark as the level brows above them, and the full, small lips, whose paleness almost equalled that of her face, were still beautiful, so perfect were their shape.

She gazed at him in silence for a moment, then, extending one hand, pointed to the bottle and said quietly, "Where did that come from, Dave?" Receiving no answer, she continued, "I have heard something about you over yonder that I did not know before—that I am very sorry for. They tell me that before the men went out on strike you had lost your work, and that, even when the others are taken on again, you will have little chance—there is a bad mark against you. Is that so, Dave?"

The man stirred uneasily, and, stooping, poured some brandy into the glass and raised it to his lips.

"True as hell," he said.

"Then," she continued, in the same quiet, steady voice, "where did the money come from that we have lived upon all these weeks? How was it that you brought me the same wages on Saturday nights after spending your days at the Trades Union Friend drinking, and treating others to drinks as well? That"—she pointed again to the bottle at his feet—"is the second you have had this week. Where did they come from?"

There was no answer; the glass fell from her husband's nerveless fingers and, crashing down on the stone hearth, splintered into fragments, while the brandy slowly wound its way in trickling streams amidst the dust and ashes.

Nell bent a little forward, and touched his arm. "The child is ill," she said. "I have been with her to the chemist, and he says she must have fire and food and medicine." She glanced towards the corner, and her voice shook a little. "I have spent all the money that is due this quarter for her, and more—I have no right to draw another

penny for two months; but she must live, and so must I. Have you got any money for us?"

He shook his head.

"Then I must go to the bank and get some," she said; "but I shall have to work and put it back. It's not easy to get work now, either; I tried this afternoon, but everyone is getting poor now, and they say the strike is no nearer the end than it was at the beginning. You know the conditions about the money, Dave." He leant his head upon his hand again as though he did not hear, and she slowly withdrew her eyes from him, and, taking the wet shawl she had hung upon a chair, put it over her head.

Then, tenderly gathering the child up in her arms, she drew the shawl round it and went out. The man sat staring fixedly at the door, as though in imagination he could see her going along the soaked streets, entering the swing-door with its brass plate labelled "Manager's Office," ascending the narrow, winding stairs to the upper room, with its wire blinds and partitioned counter, which served as a sort of primitive rough-and-ready bank for the occasional deposits and desultory savings of the dock-hands. Their money was safe enough there, but the quality of the clients did not warrant any great display, and there was a suitable dispensation of formality in the matter of cheque-books and office hours.

He was still staring with moveless eyes at the door, when it opened, and Nell came in hurriedly. She crossed the room, throwing off the shawl with a passionate movement quite unusual to her, laid the child on the bed, and turned to confront him. "The money," she began, but her voice died away with a hoarse whisper.

She cleared her throat, and took a step nearer to him. "The money is gone, every penny of it. The manager says you came for it yourself five weeks ago. If you have taken it, Dave—"; she made an eloquent gesture.

He staggered to his feet, and brought his hand down with a crash on the table—

"Damn the money! What if I did take it? It was mine to take or leave, wasn't it?"

"It was not yours, Dave," she answered; "it was the child's. When Mr. Harper—"

He interrupted her with a sneering laugh, and tried to point at her with a shaking finger, but reeled and clasped instead the back of the chair to steady himself.

"Mister Harper," he said, with bitter emphasis, "your fine skipper friend! Your fancy man! What do you want making him god-father to my girl for? What does he want giving my girl thirty pounds to be spent on her the two years he's away, and making his conditions how and when it's to be spent? If it's for her keep, who has a better right to it than I have, I should like to know; and if I choose to draw out ten pounds in a lump and pay myself back for all I've spent and all I'm going to spend on her and you, who's to say me nay? Answer me that!" and he struck the table with his clenched fist again.

Her face had gone paler while he spoke, and a sombre fire had lit itself in her eyes, directed with concentrated anger and scorn full upon him. She put her hand on her breast, as though to quell a torrent of emotion that surged there, and spoke with even a softer accent than before.

"Mr. Harper was my friend at a time when I most wanted one; he stood between me and you when, in your mad fits of drink, you would have killed me more than once. He wanted to be sure that the child would never starve, and that I should never be tempted to go out and sell myself to get bread for her, as you told me to do once. I have tried"—she choked back something that was almost a sob—"I have tried to be a good wife to you since he went away, to keep you from the public-house and steady at your work—I have done my very best for you. The child has never cost you anything"—she turned, for it had begun to stir and cry, and, raising it in her arms, pressed it closely to her.

"Curse you both!" he stammered; his speech was slower and thicker—she knew the heavy stage of torpor would soon succeed to his outbreak of violence. "Haven't I given you a home to live in, a roof to cover your head—haven't I paid the rent? If you and your Mr. Harper are so mighty particular the girl should cost me nothing, what have you got to grumble at? He'll be home soon, and he can give you some more to go on with. Meanwhile, you ought to be glad I'm paid back."

She stooped to where some little odds and ends of the child's clothing lay on a chair, and, gathering them up, folded her shawl round them and the child too. Then she came close up to him and looked right into his eyes, speaking distinctly, so that he should understand her even in his clouded state of mental incapacity.

"Yes; you are paid back!" she said. "The money that was given to the child you have taken and squandered in drink. And now, for aught you know or care, the child and I may starve. We will starve, if starve we must, in our own company—not yours: I have done with you! You have lost your work, and lost your good name, and there isn't a master that will employ you now; they told me so to-day. You can never put the money back. It was Mr. Harper's, and you have taken it, and the child belongs to him; you understand?"—she read in his eyes the dawning of a new intelligence—"the child belongs, and always did belong, to him. It was never yours, thank God; and if he

owed you anything for me, or her, you are *paid back*." She passed slowly from him, and out to the dim, wet street, leaving the door open, and, as he gazed after her into the dark night, the knowledge slowly came to him, through the cloud obscuring sense and sight and mind, that she had gone out of his life for ever.

He reeled towards the doorway, and, staggering, fell headlong across it, remaining there, too stunned to move, while the rain drenched down on his uncovered head, where it lay on the paving-stone outside.

"As drunk as a lord!" said a neighbour later on, as he stumbled against the inanimate figure, and, lifting it with no friendly hand, he pushed it further into the room, and shut the door on it.

"What's gone with his wife?" he added to a passing comrade.

"Nell? She's up to Harper's," was the response; "I saw her there a while since. The Captain's come back unexpected from his cruise. Looks like as if she'd given Dave the chuck. Serve 'im right, too; he's been a rare bad lot to her."

THE GRAMMAR THAT WENT.*

Miss Florence Marryat is in deadly earnest about the rising generation of novelists. For years past, as she has confided to a lively contemporary, she has been bored "almost to extinction" by a legion of friends who, believing they can write, have brought their work to her "for examination and correction." Her patience has at last run down; she is tired of giving her friends piecemeal information; she is going to put them to school and "provide instruction" for young writers. In the first place, by means of a "bogus newspaper," she will teach them "versatility of style"; next, by pointing to the transcendent merits of Mr. Hall Caine, she will instruct them in a "mastery of detail"; next, they will learn the difficult art of "condensation"; from this they may go on to the acquisition of "how to carpenter a story." After that, "successful writers" may, if they choose, add to their names, "Pupil of Miss Florence Marryat"; but, of course, Miss Marryat "doesn't suppose she could compel them to do so"; all she wants is "the occupation—and fees."

Now, in the face of this noble project, a recent novel by Miss Florence Marryat is naturally taken up by the trembling reviewer with expectations of perfect pleasure and pure ecstatic joy. Here he looks to find versatility of style, consummate taste, natural verisimilitude—young people are always asking Miss Marryat if their heroes should have whiskers, and if the villains should be killed—a past power of condensation, and a perfect construction of story; for Miss Marryat knows these things, and burns, moreover, with the apostolic fire of communication. Here then, in her new book, "The Dream that Stayed," we look for the chrysolite, the Arabian bird, the pearl worth all its tribe. How shall the reviewer begin the recital of its perfections? Shall it be by pointing the moral of its deep thought, or by expounding the condensation, the versatility of style, the consummate taste, the inevitable verisimilitude?—but what is this dream that is departing from his anxious vision, the dream that will not stay? Versatility of style—can this bald and wooden English represent an ideal of style? Verisimilitude—what of this Admiral who, without the excuse of lunacy, but with only the reputation of a long-bow *raconteur*, entertains his audience with the story of a missing bridegroom who, ten years after his wedding-day, was found, clothed in his bridal "suit of blue cloth, white waistcoat, and lavender pants," in the inside of a tiger? Taste—what of the charming lady who subsequently marries the hero, but who previously observes to him, "Do you imagine you are such a grand match for me—a mere baronet with a rubbishing little estate down in Surrey?" Condensation—what of the grotesque and unnatural story which, capable of the telling in ten pages, is told in three hundred and thirty, and without a trace of serious "character-mongering," to use Johnson's word? What, finally, of Miss Marryat's school for young authors, and that proud motto, "Pupil of Miss Florence Marryat," which they might use, but could not be compelled to use? . . . The reviewer paused. Perhaps Miss Marryat might have included in her scheme some training for young authors in punctuation or in grammar. But no; he searched her words in vain for the record of any such ambition. Clearly these acquisitions were taken by her for granted even in her pupils. For these sole qualities he therefore sought her work again; and it is his sorrowful conclusion that the pupils can show their gratitude to Miss Marryat in one only way, by founding a school for the instruction of Miss Marryat in these important elements. They could not compel her, it is true, to call herself "Pupil of Miss Florence Marryat's pupils"; but there is the occupation—and the fees!

Let the reviewer be justified of his words.

Before a party of sportsmen (page 1) "stretched the pathless moors, all roseate purple as a cloud at sunset, and heaving gently from the action of the light summer breeze, like a woman's breast. The trees which waved above their heads were backed by a high brick wall." So you see that not only can moors have heads, but a summer breeze can be like a woman's breast.

Sir Guy (page 4) was "sensitive of any allusion to his private affairs."

"When we separated the dead carcasses," says the Admiral (page 7), "we found that the one brute had fixed his teeth so forcibly in the other's jaw that he wrenched one of them from the socket." Now, where do you keep the "socket" of either of your jaws?

"Missed again, Valmont, by George!" the Earl exclaimed" (page 17), "and then he became conscious that he had been wandering." But, alas! "he" was not the Earl.

Did you ever hear of "nostrils that bespoke candour and whispered of pride"? (page 22).

"I want to ask you," Miss Stuart remarks to her mother (page 29), "if I may buy a long white cloak for him to be christened in, like I gave to our coachman's baby."

Meanwhile, Sir Guy is going strong. "He seemed to have drifted there, as two pieces of bark in a stream, will keep on knocking up against each other, however often they may be placed apart" (page 50). The punctuation, too, is Miss Marryat's.

Madame de Leuville "was a tall, thin woman with a handsome face, much resembling that of Marie Antoinette, to favour which she wore her hair rolled back from her forehead in the same fashion" (page 63). But perhaps this is Miss Marryat's notion of "condensation."

Of Sir Guy it is reported later (page 97) that, "with a wave of his hand, he turned on his heel," and was "in a mood for which no man need have envied him."

"How the women do bother about etiquette!" observed Lord Dailgarroch" (page 100); "the Countess cannot understand that the unfortunate fellow would prefer to greet his lady-love when not surrounded by a cynosure of feminine eyes." What on earth does Miss Marryat conceive a cynosure to be?

Miss Raynham was apparently like a circular puzzle. "Her graceful figure did not display one angle." She was, moreover, "a glowing Bacchante, in her purity and innocence, before the satyrs had got hold of her" (page 107).

"My dear lady," said the General, "I have suffered a good deal of obliquy" (page 150). Was it the printers?

A sudden thought flashed across Madame de Leuville's mind—something that had not entered it before—the glass bottle she had placed upon the table" (page 240). But even this trepanning operation is capped by the amazing performances of Miss Stuart's corpse. It seems (page 240) that Madame de Leuville "understood the full extent of their calamity now. May had been unable to bear the grief and the shame together—she had taken her own life. She sank down on her knees by the bedside and groaned within herself." Meanwhile the cook had been holding a "stereotyped apron to her eyes."

"I heard," says the General (page 284), "that you flung Sir Guy's ring back in his face. . . . Did you think he would go and pick up his rejected offering and crawl humbly to your feet with it again?" "I think," replied Mary peevishly, "that it is extremely unkind of you, father, to throw it in my teeth in this way."

Stunned, one may hope, by the impact of the ring, Mary subsequently remarks that "there is not a person in all the world who I would stoop to" (page 285). And it is recorded on the same page that "her eyelashes were coming off and her complexion decidedly deteriorating." Now were it?

Mary's teeth are soon again in danger (page 286). "Nobody," says she, "could expect me to be the first to hold out the olive-branch. I know what men are! He would have cast it in my teeth ever afterwards."

Next comes the record of an odd sort of internal operation. "Oh, Helen," groaned the General, "you have shaken your own child's faith in God by shaking it in yourself" (page 288).

Here I may again pause, not for lack of game, for the covers of "The Dream that Stayed" contain such sport as this in abundance, but for lack of the need to continue the record. This should suffice for the purpose. "When the pupils arrive," says Miss Marryat energetically and cheerfully, "I shall start." Who is to be the first pupil of Miss Marryat? Let Echo answer, "Marryat."

A TRIUMPHANT TERRIER.

Champion Queen 94 is the property of Mr. W. Ballantyne, of Edinburgh, the well-known English terrier specialist. Her breeder was Mr. J. Baker, and she was born on April 27, 1894. She is by Bange,

out of Snowdrop. This truly magnificent animal is the best white English terrier that has been seen on the show-bench for a number of years. She has won three championships in succession—at Edinburgh, at the Crystal Palace, at the last Kennel Club Show, where besides this honour she took also three first prizes, and a little later made a big score at Birmingham—a triple success achieved by no other terrier. Champion Queen 94 is a most beautifully shaped specimen of her breed, and she holds as well the unique position of being



CHAMPION QUEEN 94.

Photo by W. H. S. Parsons, Edinburgh.

one of three champions of the same breed in perfect show condition now in Mr. Ballantyne's kennels, all having won their championships under his care.

* "The Dream that Stayed." By Florence Marryat. London: Hutchinson.

ENGLISH GAMES ABROAD.

The popularity of English games abroad remains, nay, increases, in the face of all political opposition. Thus Germany is ardently copying all our pastimes, and while the Paris papers sometimes fume and fret against us, young France follows our footsteps in many a game. Indeed, it is



M. FRAYSSE.
Photo by Chisei, Paris.]

quite within the bounds of possibility that the day will come when the winners of the final in the League championship will send their men to Paris to meet an All France team, and it is equally within the bounds of possibility that some day they may be beaten. The strides the game is making in popularity are enormous, and almost every school throughout France has its team, although the manner of playing football there is now in a crude and promiscuous state. It may be said that no one knows more of the history of this sudden popularising of football than Mr. W. H. Sleator.

"I am not quite certain," he said to a *Sketch* representative, "how the idea came into our heads; but I was sitting with my friend, Mr. Hewson, one October evening in 1891, and the conversation had

drifted homewards, and we both, I think, felt the sadder when we thought that for us the winter would be without football. Suddenly the idea occurred to write to the Paris *New York Herald*, and ask those of our countrymen who would like to start a football club to meet us at the Café Français in the Rue Pasquier. We went there, little expecting to find any response, and you can well understand our surprise when we found the café full of Englishmen. That led to the foundation of the White Rovers Club, and pioneered the Association game into France. To-day there are at least a dozen clubs in Paris, and the number of unpretentious French teams who play every Sunday in the Bois de Boulogne and at Vincennes is countless. At first, the Western of France Railway Company hesitated to permit us to play on a piece of waste land they had, under the impression that football and ploughing matches were one and the same sport under different names. Again, when the goal-posts and boundary-posts arrived, the Customs authorities made us sign a declaration that they had nothing to do with any drawing-room gambling game. But all that is changed, and now the fight for the Gordon Bennett and the Lucenzki Cups between French and English is as keen as for any in the League Championship in England, and the French, as you know, have nothing to fear when pitted against an ordinary English club team. It is difficult to speak too highly of the part that M. Fraysse has played in stirring up the French to take an interest in the game. He lived sufficiently long in England to love the English and their sports, and, thanks to him, the French have learnt to play the game in a sportsmanlike fashion, and accept a defeat just as philosophically as they cheer themselves hoarse over a victory."

Of course, it is not wonderful that, when Tommy Atkins leaves his native shores, he should carry his games with him. Thus, in Cairo, the Army Medical Staff Corps play football, the team having

already won the Smaller Units Football Challenge Shield, in 1894. They were runners-up in 1895-6, and winners, again, in 1896-7. The teams competing this season were the 32nd Field Battery Royal Artillery, Ordnance Store Corps, Army Service Corps (who scratched), Mounted Infantry, 16th Company Eastern Division Royal Artillery, 2nd Company Royal Engineers, and the Military Police, the Medical Staff Corps knocking out the Mounted Infantry in the Final by three goals to two. The following players represented the Medicos: Goal, Private F. Wilmore; backs, Lance-Corporal H. Yeoman and Private W. Yendall; half-backs, Private G. Barrett, Corporal J. P. Slemen, and Private S. Burrows; forwards, Privates F. Appleby and T. Langford (right wing), Privates H. Williams and T. Kerns (left wing), and Private Johnson (centre); linesman, Private E. J. Elliott.

Cricket, on the other hand, is the all-absorbing topic in Barbados at present. During the last fortnight of January nothing but cricket was talked of. Mr. Priestley, with his team of English cricketers, arrived on Jan. 10. The first match against Barbados resulted in the defeat of the visitors, the island team winning by an innings and 41 runs. This reverse was due, no doubt, to the difference in light and ground at Barbados. St. Vincent was next played, and received a severe beating from the Englishmen, who compiled 273 for five wickets, to 51 and 86 in the two innings. To the English score Mr. Stoddart contributed no less than 153 not out. A second match against Barbados was started on Jan. 18, and the Englishmen won by three wickets. It was a very exciting contest, and one of the finest matches seen for a long time in Barbados. The third match to decide the rubber was in progress when my correspondent wrote. So far, Barbados had made 130 in their first innings, and the Englishmen 78; and Barbados had three wickets down for 38 runs in their second innings. The heat, which is most unusual for



MEDICAL STAFF CORPS FOOTBALL TEAM.

this time of the year, has troubled the Englishmen very much. Several entertainments were provided for the English cricketers, the chief of which was a fancy-dress ball, given by the ladies of the island. The Governor and other leaders of society gave balls and picnics and tennis-parties as well. The Englishmen were to leave for Antigua on Monday the 25th January.

Apropos of the infectious character of British sports, it may be noted that a new weekly journal, devoted to sport, has recently been started at Bombay, called *The Gymkhana*. In one issue reference is made to the football referee as grown in India. His post, it is said, "is perhaps the most thankless job under the sun, and, no matter how conscientiously impartial a man may try to be, he is sure to displease somebody, and the unveiled sarcasm or open revolt of the latter is gall and wormwood to a sensitive man. This is the usual sort of referee we meet in India, where amateurs officiate; but there is another sort which has been coming into notice since football tournaments have become so frequent in the land. He is the bahadoor jat who holds that directly after the ball is kicked off the game is committed to his keeping, and that by intervening as often as possible he is only fulfilling the duties of his position."

Another significant evidence of the influence of England in the world of sport is to be found in the realm of rowing; for Mr. Rudolf Lehmann is teaching Harvard men how to pull together in the English way. He is to abolish that long list of "Thou shalt nots," and the almost slavish labour which usually dominates the American system of training. The crew rows at present on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday of each week. On Monday and Friday it indulges in some light and pleasant form of exercise, as, for instance, skating. On the three days on which the crew rows as a whole, and on Thursdays, there is, of course, careful coaching. A little later in the season it is proposed to have two days off in every eighteen, and during the period before the crew resumes its work on the river hard training will be confined to about five days in every two weeks.



AN ENGLISH v. BARBADOS CRICKET MATCH.
Photo by Poyer Brothers.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is curious to see how the small remnant of the Little Englanders contrives to stultify itself by prophecy. Parliamentary orators declaimed upon the inexcusable rudeness, the provocative violence, of the late speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer concerning Egypt. I know not what terrible consequences were to ensue therefrom, and yet the protest that the French Foreign Minister made was as scrupulously mild as any French Foreign Minister could make and live. And the reason for this discrepancy must be even more distressing to the protesting politicians than their defeat in the vote. The French journals, naturally enough, put their speeches down as one more perfidy of Perfidious Albion. "When these sympathetic gentry," say the French, "were in power, they took no steps whatever to gratify us or evacuate Egypt. It is plain that they now object not so much to what is done as to the people who do it. Was it not Lord Gladstone that first occupied Egypt, and did not Sir Rosebery maintain his hold on it? And were not Lord Harcourt and Sir Morley their colleagues? Go to; we prefer Sir Mister Hix-Bech, who, at least, does not pretend to love us."

But this little international incident only shows how much good a little firmness may do. It also shows how false is the notion, once dear to so-called "philosophic" historians, that great events can be brought about by small causes. The obstruction to the Dongola Expedition was one of petty chicanery. The forms of a tribunal instituted to control a fraudulent and insolvent potentate were used to embarrass a solvent and honest Government in the disposal of an ample surplus. Because Ismail could not be trusted with money, Abbas is not to recover a fertile province by expending a part of his large surplus. And the total result of this legal pettifogging has been to give England another hold over Egypt, and another claim to Egyptian gratitude. The policy of "worry" is always doomed to failure. There are two ways by which France can try to get us out of Egypt, with some chance of success. The first is to urge Great Britain to name a day for evacuation, with the alternative of war should the day not be kept; and the second is to aid in all reforms suggested by the English, and by yielding to all reasonable claims to make the further stay of British troops apparently unnecessary.

The latter course is by far the wiser, for the former, with nine English Foreign Secretaries out of ten, would lead to war. Besides, the bare "Ote-toi que je m'y mette" would meet with but lukewarm support from Russia, and would arouse opposition from the other Powers. France has no claim to recover the exceptional position in Egypt which she abdicated at the time of Arabi's revolt; but England has no claim to maintain her own exceptional position, unless in order to guard Egypt against foreign foes and domestic anarchy. The only dangerous enemies outside are the Dervishes. Let the Sirdar crush these utterly, and Egypt will be safe and at peace. Let surplus funds be freely applied to needful improvements, let the remains of old injustice and corruption be swept away, and Egypt will have internal tranquillity. Then can a French Minister say, "My British friends, your great and noble work is surely done. Not quite done? Then we will help to remedy what is lacking. Now all is right, and we will not trouble you to stay." To such a friendly suggestion it would be hard to find a plausible refusal.

The moral is that you can't do everything in the same way, and that to evict an army you want rather more than a bailiff and a piece of blue paper. And this is what seems to escape the understanding of the man whom the Radicals lately delighted to honour at the National Liberal Club. Mr. Labouchere has done excellent service to society in showing up swindlers and card-sharpers, money-lenders and begging-letter writers; but the tint of his victims has spread itself over his whole horizon. Just as a murderer, imbrued with gore, "sees red" the whole world over, so Mr. Labouchere, having overthrown many swindlers, sees swindlers, and nothing else, everywhere. Politicians, magistrates, Church dignitaries, aristocrats, are all (to his apprehension) more or less "on the make." And this is why Mr. Labouchere will never be a statesman, and why his own side did not make him a Minister. He is an effective guerilla fighter, but not a general for a disciplined force. Like the bandit chief of Edmond About's romance, he had better not be entrusted with the command of a regular regiment, for he would be sure to pistol his own soldiers from force of habit. As Prime Minister, the member for Northampton would upset his own Government twice a-week from sheer playfulness. In home affairs he is the journalist that denies; in foreign matters he is an anti-Chartered libertine. In no capacity is he fitted to create or appreciate enthusiasm, and the man who does not believe in others, and does not want others to believe in him, will not go far for good or for evil.

Another eminent man who seems to be building large superstructures on slight foundations is our serious critic, Mr. William Archer. His utterances about "The Decline of the Drama" have been made and discussed with a complete forgetfulness of the extreme slightness of the data from which he argues. Even in the winter of Mr. Archer's discontent a translation of Ibsen ran a full week longer than was generally expected, and the British drama should, therefore, have revived. One failure does not make a decline, nor one swallow of Ibsen's champagne a spring of dramatic life. And then the theatrical year is not the same as the calendar year. It begins about the middle of September, and ends about the middle of July. The time to take stock of both years is in the Long Vacation.

MARMITON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The fame of Boswell is creeping up. His achievement is no longer merely granted in a superior way, as if it were something he should have been ashamed of. The "fool with a note-book" theory is discredited. The theory started first in the bad traditions of English biography, which, with very few exceptions, has been always three parts rhetoric and one humbug. That Boswell was neither a dignified nor a very well-educated person helped largely also, of course, to make his reputation such as it has long been among a people who find it the hardest of all mental tasks to separate the works of a man from his common way of life. But, even in life, Boswell was hardly a greater fool than Goldsmith, though he was a good deal less charming. The apologies for and the explanations of Boswell's success have been many and various; but only of late have critics cared to attribute that success to the fact that the uncouth and often ridiculous Scot was a man of genius. That he hit upon his method and his admirable style by a fluke seems no longer tenable. No fool can sustainedly write such excellent English by mere accident, nor paint a masterly portrait by spilling paint on a canvas. The latest critic of Boswell, Mr. W. Keith Leask, in the new volume of the "Famous Scots" series (Oliphant), is his enthusiastic admirer, laughing to scorn the "fool with a note-book" theory. "Of all his contemporaries," he says, "Goldsmith and Burke excepted, no one is a greater master of a pure prose style than Boswell, and for ease of narrative, felicity of phrase, and rounded diction, he is incomparable." This is, of course, not an original assertion at the present day; but to one important matter Mr. Leask gives more prominence than does any other of the most appreciative critics, namely, that Boswell took not only his work, but his art, seriously. He deliberately chose his method; he did not blunder into it, though advisers he had in plenty who would have had him change and spoil it. He had strong opinions about the way biographies should be written, and, just because no other English biographer has equalled him in boldness, no other has come within miles of the artistic success, the psychological interest, of his "Life of Johnson." Apart from Mr. Leask's vindication of his mental gifts, the book is an admirable *résumé* of the latest research respecting the life, the travels, the friendships, and the character of Boswell.

The vitality of *vers de société* is a wonderful aspect of the gentle art of metre. Since the days of Suckling there has always been a chorus of light-hearted singers; but rarely have they been more numerous than they are to-day. The remarkable advance that has been made in technique has rendered no type of verse more service than this; and the equally remarkable progress in *format* applies with peculiar appropriateness to books which are charmingly written. Thus, in reissuing "Thackeray's Ballads," Messrs. Cassell show that they have a keen eye for the turn of the tide. It is one of the most beautiful books they have ever produced. In Mr. H. M. Brock we get an admirable illustrator. He is not always quite successful, or rather, his pictures do not invariably dovetail into one's preconceived notions, but he is always conscientious. The publishers have printed the book with the utmost care, and the cover is one of the most artistic they have ever issued. Altogether an ideal edition.



From "Thackeray's Ballads."

In his excellent "New Library" Sir George Newnes has issued an old book which is well worth reading. But, indeed, it must be a new book to most of the present generation. The Hon. Robert Curzon, afterwards Baron de la Zouche, acted as joint Commissioner with Sir F. Williams for defining the boundaries between Turkey and Persia at Erzeroum. His interest in the East and in Eastern learning was enthusiastic in character, and his opportunities were, for his day, unusual. In 1848 was published his "Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant," and, though it tells of a time when Egypt and Albania and Jerusalem and Mount Athos, and the other places he investigated, were far more untouched than they are to-day by Western civilisation, it is only for that the more interesting; it is not out of date. He is a model literary traveller, gay, cheerful, humorous, and observant, with an uncommon talent for making strange scenes of travel live again to his readers. Indeed, he is no unworthy brother of Borrow in this respect; he has the same love of the picturesque, the same appreciation of the wild, and, in the best portions of his book at least, the same scorn of details which would only disturb an effective picture. His description of the moonlight shining on the corpses trampled to death in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem is an example of his power over the gruesome; while his tamer, more graceful, habit is well exemplified in the narrative of his visit to the Patriarch of Constantinople, to whom he had a letter of recommendation from the Archbishop of Canterbury. There is a delightful description of the outlandish hospitality extended to him and his companions from the British Embassy by the Patriarchal household, and how their English pride received a terrible snub when, on the presentation of the letter, the Patriarch was puzzled who this person, the Archbishop of Canterbury, might be; and how recommendations ensuring their reception into all the monasteries acknowledging the supremacy of the Patriarch were given not because of, but in spite of, the letter of that great and most suspicious unknown Archbishop of Canterbury.—o. o.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

With the match against Ireland at Trent Bridge Ground, Nottingham, next Saturday we make a commencement with the season's International Association competition. That we will fare better than we are faring under Rugby rules goes without the saying, inasmuch as Wales and Ireland have yet to make gigantic strides—in League boots—before they reach up to us at the kicking code.

Year after year the Socker championship resolves itself into a duel between England and Scotland. We have yet a great deal of leeway to make up to get even in the records with the Far Northerners, but I do not think it will be denied that season after season we continue to make progress, whereas Scotland stand pretty well where they did.

That we did not conquer Scotland at Parkhead last April was due to many causes. One of these was the refereeing, and another the eccentricities of the Selection Committee. At this period, more than at the time, it seems incredible that the Selection Committee could have been so misguided as to trust to Mr. A. G. Henfrey at half-back. Of course, this was not the only mistake made, for the choosing of Mr. C. J. Burnup over Spikesley was a blunder almost as great, though I am bound to admit that the little Cantab played far better than most people had expected.

Then, again, it must not be overlooked that England was sorely handicapped at the last moment owing to the sudden indisposition of Needham, and the disobedience of Crabtree, or rather, of the Aston Villa executive, in letting Crabtree play in a League match a few days before the International, in view of the order of the Association that the selected players should rest.

I am inclined to think that the eleven men picked will give a good show against the Sandys. Middleditch, who takes Crabtree's place at right-half, is a splendid worker of the well-known Corinthian type, and clever withal—far cleverer than is imagined by critics who have not watched the old Cantab closely. He was really the best half on the field in the National Trial Match at Leyton last year, and that, too, against Spikesley, who, by the way, has had more than one taste of Middleditch's prowess.

I would, however, prefer Crabtree to Middleditch, of course, and it is likely that Robinson will make way for Sutcliffe in the greatest of the Internationals. Robinson, who has been doing brilliant service on behalf of Derby County this season, is quite a veteran; but he has always figured in the very front rank of goalies. He is of brawny build, and though fairly tall, can get down to the ground shots with cleverness.

Wheldon and Bradshaw, representing Aston Villa and Liverpool respectively, on the left wing, are new to International honours; but I do not see that it is absolutely essential to change these men for the Scots match. Of course, much will depend on the way they shape against Ireland, although that will not be a very safe criterion. Wheldon has no rival at inside-left, save it be J. H. Gettins, the Millwall Athletic amateur, who is first reserve at Nottingham on Saturday.

Bloomer and Bassett are the men on the other wing. They will, of course, also appear against Scotland, and for this reason I am sorry that the Selection Committee could not have acted generously towards Athersmith for this minor match. There is this to be said, however, that it is a good move to allow Bassett and Bloomer to dovetail their styles.

A great many persons imagine that Mr. W. J. Oakley and Williams will certainly be the backs for England against Scotland. I do not. In regard to Oakley there can, of course, be no doubt, for there is no full-back in the kingdom to compare with the old Oxonian. But Williams has not materially improved since last season, and then he was ranked below L. V. Lodge. Williams and Lodge are dashing players. The professional has had great experience of hard matches, but Lodge is much the faster and the cleverer man, and I would be inclined to pin my faith to the amateur.

If I might make a suggestion, I would like to see England take the field against Wales with the following team: Sutcliffe; Crabtree and Lodge; Booth, Higgins, and Chatt; Athersmith, Collier, Gettins, Alexander, and Burnup. This side might oppose the team to play for England against Ireland, and that would be a far better trial than the fixture between the amateurs and the professionals. England could scarcely do better than meet Scotland with Sutcliffe; Oakley and Crabtree; Needham, Crawshaw, and Middleditch; Bassett, Bloomer, Smith, Wheldon, and Spikesley.

By a brilliant victory over the Somerset fifteen, Kent have qualified to meet the best of the North, most probably Yorkshire, in the final of the Rugby County Championship. There is not the slightest doubt that Kent have proved themselves the best county in the South this season. Last season Surrey turned out a very fine fifteen, and one which, you will remember, forced its way into the final, there to be beaten by a Yorkshire fifteen, which played a much more serious game. Surrey this season have never put a good team into the field. Middlesex have been even worse off, and I understand that the utmost difficulty has been experienced in getting fifteens together.

CRICKET.

People are growing tired of football, as is generally the case at this period of the season. Items of cricket news are eagerly snapped up,

and present appearances point to a more than usually exciting season. For the most part, the counties will not materially change in representation, but it may be pointed out that Hampshire should be a good deal stronger by reason of the return of that brilliant all-round cricketer, Mr. A. J. L. Hill. The Cantab's bowling would have proved exceedingly useful last season, for it was in this department only that the seashiders were found wanting.

Baldwin and Soar were the bowlers who had to bear the brunt of the attack last year, and, as everyone knows, no county can hope to progress save they possess a number of useful changes. On a good wicket Baldwin is not very dangerous, and Soar meets with most success when the turf happens to be fiery. Mr. Hill, however, is always useful, and not only that, but as a batsman only he is fully worth his place. Hill has been playing three-quarter-back for the Hampshire County Rugby fifteen.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Very little is doing over the Derby, but I am glad to hear that all the crack three-year-olds have wintered well. Galtie More has grown into a nice colt, and he is sure to win some big races for Mr. Gubbins. Vesuvian, who will be ridden at Epsom by M. Cannon, is coming to hand nicely, and has grown a lot since last seen out. I believe C. Wood will ride Velasquez, and it is needless to add that both horse and rider would come in for a big reception. Lord Rosebery, I hear, thinks the horse will win.

The Lincoln Handicap market is far from sound just now, and owners are not likely to launch commissions until close on the day of the race. Robinson's six bar the way. It is considered that the Lyddington trainer holds the key to the situation, and a trial may reveal to him another Winkfield's Pride. At any rate, Robinson's best is the fancy of the fancy just at present. I believe Sir Blundell Maple is well satisfied with the handicapping of Yorker, and the Newmarket touts fancy that Diakka cannot be beaten, which is nothing in favour of Diakka.

Ascot will this year be a very tall function, and it is predicted that the card will be a biggest on record. Major Clements has paid great attention to the course, and I am informed that the going will be perfect. The Earl of Coventry, who is Master of the Buckhounds, will have some difficulty in granting admission-tickets to ten per cent. of the applicants who will wish to enter the Royal Enclosure, and I think the tickets might readily be put up to auction, as was done with the seats in Ward Beecher's church some few years since.

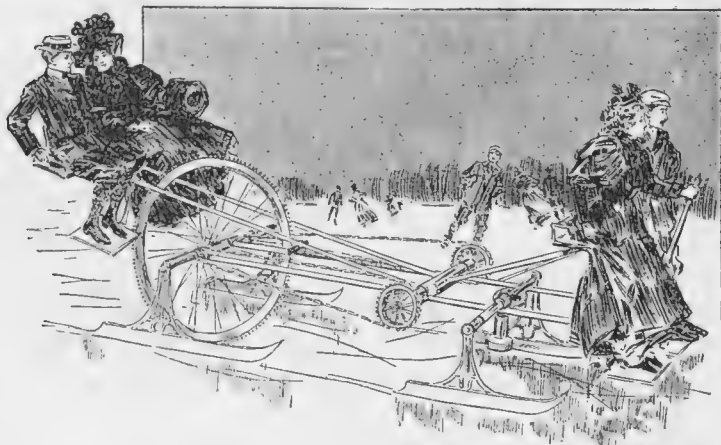
There is a very general belief among French, German, Belgian, and Austro-Hungarian sportsmen that the English jockey is a lot superior to the home-made article. Thus we find year by year a not inconsiderable number of our light-weights—in some instances, directly they are out of their time—go to these countries to fulfil riding engagements. The latest to go abroad was Jewitt's clever lad, W. Knowles, who has on more than one occasion shown considerable promise in the saddle. One who has already had some foreign experience and has just returned to Germany, to ride for Baron Bleichroder, is Harry Huxtable, who bears a name at once historical and famous. He is, in short, the son of the Huxtable who was contemporary with Fordham, French, Wells, Chaloner, and Alderott. Huxtable is of the turf, turf, for he was born right in the metropolis, that place which is often referred to as the "little town in Cambridgeshire." There, on Aug. 28, 1878, he first saw the light. He could scarcely have been anything but a jockey had he tried, so he was apprenticed to Mr. Bambridge, and had a rare lot of trial and gallop riding before he donned the breeches in public. He was not destined to meet with success at the first attempt, but soon developed into a capable rider, and would doubtless have been more clever than he is but for meeting with a bad accident at one of our Southern meetings.

The fact that Cheshire cheeses are given as an extra inducement to owners to enter their thoroughbreds in the Chester Cup brings to mind other curious forms that prizes for racehorses have taken. I don't think cheese has ever previously been given except at Chester, but we have all heard of the port and claret that used to form part of the reward for success in races. Coming to later times, in 1878 Lord Rosebery's Touchet beat Sir Frederick (our old friend "Pavo," I notice, says there should be no £) Johnstone's Posthaste in a match for five hundred pounds and a hog'shead of claret. Mr. George Baden, of Elemore Hall, once gave a "piece of plate" to be run for at Newcastle-on-Tyne. This "piece of plate" took the form of a coal-waggon—whether a real one or a silver model the reader will have to judge for himself.

A general feeling prevails among cross-country people that Wild Man from Borneo will win the Grand National. The horse is very well, and he is having a capital preparation at Portslade, where the going is quite as good as it was at Alfriston in the year that he won the race. I hardly think the Man will be capable of tackling such a smasher as Norton, who is leniently handicapped, is a fast horse, a real stayer, and a capital fencer. I hear, too, that The Soarer is expected to go very close. He is to be ridden by Mr. Campbell, who is a fine horseman, as cool as a cucumber, and, like the horses he rides, trained to the hour.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

With the thermometer registering over 40, it may seem slightly out of place to talk of ice-cycles; but, as the invention resembles nothing that I have seen before, my readers must excuse me for bringing the machine under their notice. What to call this machine is a difficult question. A quadri-cycle see-saw ice-boat, is the nearest approach I can make. It consists of a framework 9 ft. long and 3 ft. wide, supported



A NOVEL ICE-QUADRICYCLE.
From the "New York Herald."

on four skates or runners with a rotary shaft in the centre, and sprocket wheels at each end worked by chains that pass around a second shaft, which acts as the axle for a large wheel furnished with spikes which, when made to revolve, give a hold on the slippery surface. The motive-power is given by an arrangement of iron rods carried out from the centre rotary shaft; these projecting rods are fitted with seats, each capable of accommodating two persons. The riders work up and down in see-saw fashion, forcing the centre shaft to revolve, thus bringing into action the spiked wheel. There is a steering apparatus attached to the runners enabling the machine to turn in its own length. The total weight of this machine is only about sixty pounds, and with four riders a high rate of speed can be obtained.

When invited a short time back to pay a visit to the Lu-Mi-Num C.C., my first idea was that I should see a kind of Chinese spectacle, and it was some time before I realised that it was the famous cycle known under that name. I may as well say at once that the word "Lu-Mi-Num" has no connection with the land of pig-tails, but is a simple abbreviation of the word aluminium, the metal from which the cycle is made. Visitors to the Stanley Show of 1895 will remember the attention these cycles received. Originally brought over from America, the present company have established manufactories in England and France, and have vastly improved them in many details. The metal frame is practically unbreakable, and is made in one piece, with no joints, thus giving great rigidity and durability. The metal Lu-Mi-Num, which is a secret alloy, possesses about the same strength as iron, and is yet only one-third its weight. The public have been accustomed to see these machines burnished bright, but they can be had enamelled to any colour. For strength and durability I should think there are no cycles in the market to beat them.

I am able this week to give a picture of the pneumatic compensation cycle. This will convey a better idea than a mere written account of



THE PNEUMATIC COMPENSATION CYCLE.

the construction. As will be seen, the pneumatic attachment completely prevents any jar or vibration from the wheels, and enables the rider to adopt any sort of tyre he likes without fear of puncture.

The advocates of the cycle do not have it all their own way in the realm of medical science. A while ago, one authority after another

assured us that cycling was the panacea for every ill that flesh is heir to; we are now beginning to hear the other side of the question. Dr. Schofield, who has recently been giving a course of hygienic lectures for ladies at the Polytechnic, recommended moderation in cycling, but strongly condemned constant riding, the wearing of tight clothes, and riding when in poor health. Another authority, Dr. A. Shadwell, in an article in the current number of the *National Review* points out some unsuspected dangers of cycling. He considers that, in some cases, headache, insomnia, nervous depression, and prostration may be laid to the account of this fascinating pursuit, in that it entails a too severe and constant strain upon the nerves. He cites several sample cases that have come under his own notice in support of this view. While I may be quite prepared to admit that in certain instances cycling exercise has proved harmful, yet I am sure the vast majority of riders will give their testimony on the other side, and there are few ladies who will discard their machines through fear of Dr. Shadwell's awful bugbears, appendicitis and exophthalmic goitre, whatever these diseases may be.

The time has come when it is absolutely necessary that railway companies should take some steps for the safe conveyance of bicycles. The present fare is excessively high, and owners have a right to demand that their cycles should be properly cared for during transit. Mr. F. B. Bale, the London manager of the Swift Cycle Company, has kindly given me a photo of the van fitted up by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway that made a trial trip a short time back with complete success. The reproduction from the photograph will give the idea. The cycles hanging from the roof are suspended by leather-covered hooks that hold the handle-bar,



THE SAFE CONVEYANCE OF BICYCLES.
Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

and leather-covered chains are fastened round the back-wheel part in such a way as to prevent oscillation. Therefore the cycles are out of harm's way, and leave the floor of the van free for parcels, &c. When there are more bicycles than can be suspended from the roof, a notched bar can be brought out from the end of the van, which holds the cycles perfectly steady. On the trip in question the van was allotted six "Swift" bicycles, Mr. Bale travelling down to Dover in the van to watch their behaviour—not, indeed, that "Swift" cycles require any watching, their steadiness being "sans reproche," and in this particular and somewhat unusual position they did not belie their reputation. The verdict at the end of the journey was that these inexpensive additions to guards' vans were thoroughly efficient for the safe conveyance of bicycles. I trust, therefore, that all railway companies will adopt this system at once.

A few weeks ago I mentioned that the Salvation Army in America had organised a cycle corps. I now see it announced that the dames of the Primrose League have followed the lead of their "Hallelujah Sisters" over the water, and have also established a cycling corps, for use, I presume, at election times, when one may expect to see a bold battalion of political ladies charging the strongholds of Radicalism for the conversion of the intelligent British voter.

At the recent annual meeting of the Manchester Lady Cyclists' Club, Mrs. J. Grime was elected president for the year. The secretary, Miss Alker, in her report, noticed a satisfactory increase in the number of members, and a substantial balance in hand, and complimented the members upon their regular attendance at club-runs.

A contemporary announces that the smallest adult cyclists in the world are Commodore Foote and his sister, of Indiana. These little people are each under three feet in height, and weigh less than four stone apiece. Cycling is in America as elsewhere the favourite pastime of both "high and low."

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

EN PASSANT.

That few social functions take place without some sort of tea-pot tempest to precede or follow them is a fact that needs no argument. Somebody who sat out all the evening, somebody never invited, somebody who got taken in to dinner by a bore, somebody icily snubbed by somebody socially greater, makes fruitful grist for gossip in every day of the year. Not many gatherings, from Court Ball to suburban tea-party, have attained, however, such heights and depths of anticipatory praise and condemnation as the ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin at the Waldorf Hotel, New York, last week. With our well-beloved transatlantic cousins the spirit of emulation rules strongly, and Lady Warwick's famous costume-ball at the historic Castle two years back inspired Mrs. Bradley-Martin with the brilliant idea of out-Warwicking Warwick in New York, and the idea certainly took brilliant shape on the day when all that was fair and fashionable in the newest of new cities assembled to make merry in costumes of miraculous beauty and expensiveness. French and English Court suits and dresses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were *de rigueur*, and in all instances reproduced with ambitious and accurate art. The entire lower part of the Waldorf was in requisition, its beautiful ball-room being converted for the evening into a mediæval chamber, in which every picturesque tradition was faithfully preserved. Mrs. Bradley-Martin, a magnificent impersonation of the less fortunate Marie Stuart, led the cotillon with Mr. Elisha Dyer the younger, and the exclusive "Four Hundred," in comparing critical notes anent their "favors" and the whole entertainment generally, are unanimous in coinciding that this greatly discussed affair has exceeded in brilliancy and costliness (inevitable test of up-to-date merit) even the well-remembered costume-ball given by Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt for Lady Mandeville, as she was then, about eleven years ago.

I am in the sure and well-founded belief that this tea-gown of amber and white, specially designed for the refreshment of my readers this week, will meet with a measure of esteem on account of its graceful outlines no less than its becoming combination of colour. Yellow silk is the foundation for an over-dress of accordion-pleated mousseline-de-soie, the



"WHITE AND YELLOW, LIKE AN EGG."

[Copyright.]

skirt in prettily made groups of gathers at the waist. Three rows of embroidered insertion on net trim the dress from neck to hem both front and back. A charmingly arranged drapery most becomingly placed is fixed with paste and turquoise buckles; half-way up the bodice it turns beneath the arms, and forms a sort of upper skirt quite long at sides and back, cleverly indicating the figure meanwhile. Sleeves of yellow China

crape are draped high over the shoulder, and gathered along the side-seam to waist, where they end in rounded points. Waist- and neck-bands, of folded yellow satin, are assisted in the former case by a wide bow, and in the latter with pleated fans of lace made high at the ears and back—a fashion which greatly obtains abroad now since the hair has come to be piled up so high.

Apropos of this new fashion of the chevelure, which we good Conservatives no less in hair-dressing than in politics have not quite arrived at yet, this little bonnet as reproduced is the latest manner of the latest mode, shaped like a Breton peasant's tight-fitting cap, and very much cut away on top to show the twisted coils to advantage. The crowns of these Breton bonnets are thickly sewn with coloured stones and spangles. Most have turned-up brims, as in the case of this one illustrated. A tuft of ostrich feathers, fastened at the side with two rosettes or ribbon looped bow fashion, finishes the trimming smartly and sufficiently.

Court-trains are exercising the feminine attention very much at the moment, and the first two Drawing-Rooms are bound to be crowded to crushing point, if one may judge from the endless "train tea" invitations sent about

in all directions. One quite lovely frock of pale-green satin, appropriately made for a young Irish matron, has a train, or, more correctly, Court mantle, of green velvet in a darker shade, lined with dog-rose pink satin, and bordered with black feathers. Down the front of skirt trails of very natural-looking pink roses are fastened with bows of pale-green velvet ribbon, and a thick ruching of tulle in the same tone is put around. An embroidery of paste and emeralds on the velvet corselet is itself a work of art, as is some similar workmanship carried out on shoulder-straps, which are becomingly rendered with frills of mousseline on both sides.

Dances have been following each other with such rapidity at Cairo as to amount to a perfect epidemic of gaieties lately, and at this rate the usual allowance of frocks for the flight into Egypt will not run their allotted course, I am credibly informed by acquaintances in that gay and giddy rendezvous. Mrs. Knowles's dance at the Ghezireh on Tuesday was particularly brilliant; and the Casino was, I hear, the nearest possible emulation of Fairyland, with its flowers and lights, which it is permitted mere sublunary effort to attain. Sir Edwin Palmer was there, and Lady Palmer, brilliant in vivid yellow; the Hon. Mrs. Gage wore the same colour very successfully. A lovely frock, "unmistakably Rue de la Paix," worn by Baroness Malortie, was of cream satin embroidered with realistic pink moss-rose buds. Lady Cromer, in that most judicious of all mixtures, black and white; pretty Mrs. Wingate, in white, with sash and waistband of cherry-red velvet; Mrs. Gordon, very effective in black much bespangled with gold, and a hundred others, "too numerous," as they say of wedding-presents, "to mention." Against all this the gay uniforms of the well-set-up military Briton, and the gorgeous apparel of such native notables present as Prince Mohamed, Ali Pasha, Prince Hussein Pasha Kamil, and so on, made up a scene which only Egypt and India can offer for variety and picturesque effect.

Mrs. Frederick Beer's "tea" on Wednesday was a very representative occasion, as her gatherings usually are. Miss Lowther, Mr. Baden-Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Weedon Grossmith, Mrs. Gully, and Lady Hart were a few among many of the recognisable and recognised, one pretty girl—name not forthcoming—in a dress of bright-drab cloth most oddly put together, made, sartorially, a very good effect. An under-dress of drab silk was made with three rows of pink ribbon-velvet, and the bolero of drab velvet, embroidered with pink topaz and pearl, was borne out by the most engaging market-garden hat, on the crown of which wallflowers, mimosa, roses, and violets struggled for supremacy, after the bizarre but beautiful fashion of the moment.

Naturally, we have all been and are Nansen-mad this week and last; but few of us who have had the pleasure and privilege of meeting this hardy explorer and his gentle little wife know that on the day of Nansen's recent return from those perilous Northern pilgrimages he was legally re-married to a devoted *femme* who, that notwithstanding, he had persuaded to divorce him before departing on an expedition full of unimaginable peril and privation. I think, in this incident alone—if it may be called so—Nansen's force and strength are best brought home to us. For one who could, in the very power of his affectionate care,



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A NEW MANNER OF MILLINERY.

have induced his wife to consent to this action would surely have mental vigour wherewith to face the lonely immensity of Polar nights and days, not to mention their disagreeable detailed concomitants.

Cream, green, and gold made the component parts of a very smart dress which preceded me downstairs to dinner some nights since, and, as the young man on whom I was temporarily bestowed was eagerly and surreptitiously engaged for the moment in subduing a rampant moustache-end, I had leisure to sum up the best points of a very handsome gown in less time than it takes to write it; for such is the habit of the frivolous feminine scribbler. The skirt had, I noticed, a quaint effect, from its white satin being mounted in deep puckers. A wide, thick frill of cream mousseline-de-soie, embroidered with gold and silver sequins, surrounded it. Above this a quite narrow edge of sable ran in wavy lines, and, higher by one inch, a bias band of light-green velvet repeated the same curves exactly. The bodice, of gathered spangled chiffon over white satin, had a deftly draped empiècement of light-green velvet arched in front, and gold-embroidered spangled chiffon, edged with the narrow fur, made befrilled sleeves of exceeding smartness; the wearer thereof, further also fully deserving that pregnant adjective, made a very acceptable after-dinner acquaintance, which, as all women knoweth, does not unvaryingly occur during that awful vacuum in the drawing-room



[Copyright.]

AN EMBROIDERED FRONT PANEL.

devoted by the men below to fifteen minutes of peaceful port and Russian cigarettes. Another evening-dress, still more, if possible, in the last cry, is here illustrated for the public good, with its front panel of white satin ornamented with embroidery of pink, white, and silver, cleverly reproducing an old design of rose-buds, with conventional foliage, and taken from a picture of the Pompadour period. The remainder of skirt is palest blue velvet; around it are rows of chiffon gathered and edged with bias folds of the velvet. An embroidered drapery of white chiffon surrounds the *décolletage*, and, as a vest, white satin, embroidered in a design to match the apron, appears and ends in a point to meet the waistband, which is moreover slightly pointed in the new manner and heavily embroidered.

What a crowd and crush at the Nansen Exhibition private view, held at the St. George's Gallery, Grafton Street, to be sure! Every photograph and sketch had its worshipping crowd, four deep, at least, around the little room. Sir Duncan Campbell, Mr. and Miss Baden-Powell, Miss Grace Rice, Mrs. Beer, Lady Jephson, Hon. Mrs. Elliot, although it seems invidious to name any among so many familiar faces. Personally, having heard Nansen and seen his limelight reminiscence of that deathly region, I felt inured to the pictured horrors of lurid Polar nights and cadaverous days which these pictures present. "How and why anyone should make himself so uncomfortable," as I heard an extremely pretty if unscientific girl assert; "is quite outside the average comprehension"—as, indeed, it would seem, judging from the very small small-talk of the passing private-viewer.

As a natural sequence of all this Arctic fever heat, some enterprising

tradesman, with wits preternaturally alert, has already utilised the popular craze to his own money-changing purpose, and with cunning aforethought introduced a new silken stuff, extremely light yet stiff in texture, somewhat like a glorified and very delicate sort of horsehair, in fact, which the artful manufacturer calls "Polar silk." All the same, it is a fascinating departure, and one which will undoubtedly gain the feminine ear for coming spring and summer fantasies of costume.

That uncompromising Portuguese proverb which reminds us that, "without its tail, the peacock is only a shrill voice in a lean body," recalled itself to me in an absurd and uncalled-for manner while inspecting a wonderful exhibition of Court-train brocades at 12A, George Street, Hanover Square, this week. These magnificent premises, once a well-known hotel at which bridal parties on nuptial knots intent were wont to put up (St. George's being just over the way), are now occupied—since Jan. 1, in fact—by Messrs. C. Davis and Co., who bid fair to revolutionise the ethics of modern dress by the economy and beauty of their productions. To put it very briefly, an entire floor of this handsome house is given up to Court and bridal brocades whose richness and variety might easily fill many pages of lavish descriptions. The prices of these precious stuffs are correspondingly surprising, seeing that they chiefly range from 3s. 11d. to 8s. 11d. per yard, for which latter sum genuine reproductions of the best Louis Quinze and Quatorze brocades in cut velvet on satin grounds are obtainable. Although not themselves modistes in the literal sense of constructing fashionable garments, Davis and Co. give a choice of twenty-five first-rate dressmakers to their customers, any of whom will "make up" the materials bought on their premises. And when I add that another portion of their warehouse is set apart for the sale of silks and brocades at from one shilling a yard upwards, to which this privilege also applies, I think it will be admitted that the domain of exclusive and ruinously expensive dressmakers will be seriously encroached upon by so truly up-to-date an innovation. It is ordinarily easy enough to buy dress-lengths of unquestionable fascination, but the question then arises of getting them satisfactorily fashioned to our devious curves. Davis and Co., of George Street, have solved this difficulty by arrangement with dressmakers worthy the name, for which womenkind should owe them both praise and patronage.

As "harbinger of spring" on our millinery the violet simply outdistances all other flowers and facts this year, poets and phrase-makers notwithstanding. There is not a new hat or bonnet of important appearance unornamented by tufts of this flower, no longer "half hidden from the eye," as was its retiring fashion in Wordsworth's day; while whole parterres of the pale Neapolitan or deeply purple Russian variety challenge notice and admiration on those new broad-brimmed, high-crowned hats which are destined to protect our peachy complexions from the thin beams of a long-in-coming pale spring sunshine.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUNSHI (Chatham).—(1) Your suggestion is good, but we cannot open subscriptions. (2) About the shooting-box, why not try Hewetson and Co.? I believe they would do the whole thing for a couple of hundred, or less, if you are tied to it.

BACHELOR MAID (Kensington).—Yes, the Byronic girl who lived picturesquely on air in public and ate privately and heartily behind the pantry door afterwards is certainly gone, and a very good thing too. Try this. It is simple but savoury, and your one domestic should contrive it easily. Pigeons just now are very cheap, and, served *à la Wilhelm*, are also most appetising. Lay in the stewpan two pigeons, together with their livers, gizzards, and some sliced salt pork, rather fat. Brown them, adding a few small onions, parsley, and thyme, three cloves, a little pepper, covering with boiling water sufficient to stew them. Cook till tender, and pour the gravy when thickened over the birds, serving them very hot. Most invaluable for you too would be the Lazenby soup squares, so quickly made, and as excellent as they are inexpensive. Their mulligatawny is particularly good.

SUB'S WIFE (Aldershot).—(1) I advise you to take your old brocade and perplexities both to Madame Frédéric, of 15, Lower Grosvenor Place. She will introduce it very cleverly, I am sure, into your drawing-room gown, being quite a genius in the construction of picture-gowns. March 4 would give her ample time by choosing your style and materials now. (2) The paper you mention is no longer in existence.

PERSEVERANCE (Deptford).—The cycling-skirt you speak of is to be had at the Louvre. A friend has just got one over, and it hangs perfectly when she walks, yet has the effect you describe when wheeling. I do not remember the price.

P. H. KULM (St. Moritz).—(1) Have you sent to the shops at Zürich? I scarcely think it would be worth getting out from town; the carriage would be very heavy. (2) Madame Humble is at 19, Conduit Street. I should think she would be pleased to make you a train for your white gown, and your sister could, as you say, explain what is necessary in your absence. (3) Yes. I have friends in the hotel, who tell me it is very full and festive, as usual. (4) Mount Charles are the best for men. (5) I suppose there is a Swiss agent for Maggi, but I only know of Cosenza. (6) That is at the Grindenwald, not Caux. No trouble.

LITTLE WIFE, S. K.—(1) A good idea the dull-gold drawing-room. It is such an excellent background for all sorts of frocks. I can give you a hint on the subject of your grate which will improve on the one you propose, however. This is a system of covering the fireplace altogether with tiles, instead of the sides only as heretofore. Even the kerb fender is fitted to match. Try this, or look in at 23, Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, and assure yourself of my sagacity in having unearthed this new departure before your arrangements become facts. (2) Line the dove-grey canvas with a full rose-pink, and have embroidered velvet vest and cuffs of the same colour. A hat of puckered glacé ribbon, also pink, with black osprey in front, flanked with black feathers at both sides, would be in the *dernier cri* to go with it. Cache-peigne of black tulle. This idea is borrowed from the Paris property of a friend; but Leoty, of Bond Street, would do it for you.

EAST.—No. Moiré velours is essentially a material for indoor and evening use. Besides, being a last year's production, smart women would not be likely to use it for a new purpose this season. Many thanks for your kind expressions.

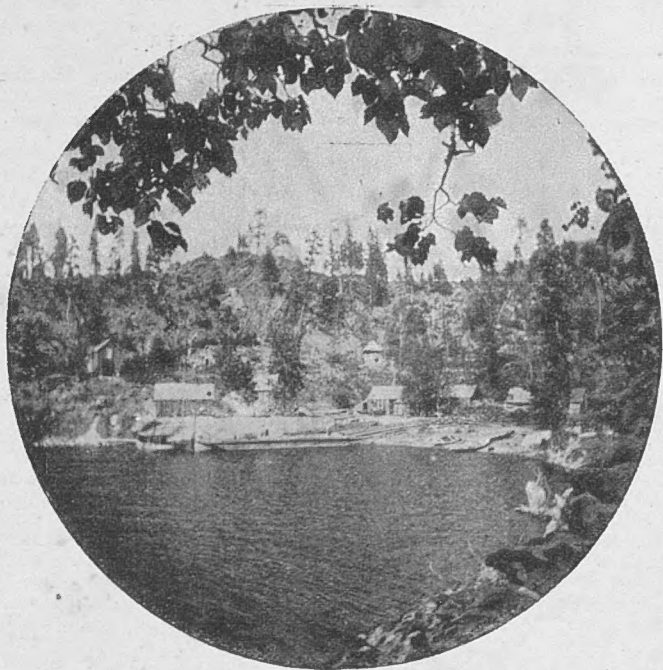
SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Feb. 24.

MONEY.

The Bank Rate remains at 3 per cent., no alteration having been made by the directors of the Bank of England on Thursday last. Probably no further reduction will now be made for another month or so. The Bank Return shows an increase in Public Deposits of £2,509,000,



THE BLUEBELL MINE, OLDEST MINERAL DISCOVERY WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI. DISCOVERED 1824.

due to the receipt of tax-moneys; and, on the other hand, £2,321,000 has been withdrawn from "Other Deposits" to meet these payments. There is a decrease in the notes in use to the extent of £219,000, so that the Reserve is increased by £615,000, the ratio of Reserve to liabilities being 1 per cent. higher.

THE SETTLEMENT.

The movements during the past Account and since the Settlement have, in most instances, been adverse to "bull" operators. Political influences in the East have had a very depressing effect upon Turkish issues, a fall of no less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ points in Group II. having taken place during the fortnight. The cheapening of money, however, was responsible for rises in the Inscribed stocks of the various British Colonial Governments. But this did not extend to Home Rails, the market for which has been in a most unsettled condition, resulting in a decline all round. A rise of 20 points in the Buenos Ayres gold premium during the Account reflected itself upon Argentine securities, the various Government Loans and Railway stocks having fallen away considerably.

PRICES AND POLITICS.

As far as the past week is concerned, we may dismiss from practical consideration the intrinsic merits of stocks individually. The market has been governed by political considerations pure and simple. There is no logic in the matter, except for one point, which is by no means unimportant. That point is that the market movements and the market opinion do not show any distrust of securities of the British Government, or of those of its dependencies. British Colonial Government securities have been strong, while Internationals have been falling to pieces. Home Rails have given way on fears of trade being interfered with by international trouble; and, for the same reason, industrial activity is checked. But it would take very little to restore confidence. The Bank of England Discount Rate does not stand at 3 per cent. when there is any serious trouble in view.

THE TURKISH LOAN OF 1855.

Our readers will remember we have several times pointed out what an extraordinary chance of securing a cheap Government security this loan presented. One or two correspondents appear to have doubts about the certainty of the English Government guarantee applying to the bonds drawn but not paid off, and a trustee, who had a considerable portion of the funds under his care invested in the loan, desiring to clear up the point, wrote to the English Treasury the other day to ask what was the exact position. The gentleman in question received the following answer to his inquiries, which seems to us to place the security on the most satisfactory basis—

Treasury Chambers, Feb. 12, 1897.

SIR,—The Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury have had before them your letter of the 3rd inst. respecting the Imperial Ottoman Guaranteed Loan of 1855. In reply, their Lordships direct me to state that the interest on the outstanding bonds, whether drawn or not drawn, has been duly paid, and that until the bonds are paid off the guarantee given by Great Britain and France in respect of the payment of interest will continue to be fulfilled.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) E. W. HAMILTON.

At present we do not think the danger of payment off by Turkey is

very pressing. The buyer at $107\frac{1}{2}$ gets, therefore, an English Government security paying $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

BRITISH COLUMBIAN MINES.

We have received the following letter from a valued correspondent, and, in view of the projected Mining Companies of which we know, we think it will prove of interest and profit to our readers—

KOOTENAY.

The modern Englishman who thinks about gold-mines instinctively conjures up the level lands of South Africa and Australia, where water and timber are scarce, and water-power or water-transport unknown. The mining camps of Western America are utterly different. For nearly four centuries the world has been dazzled at intervals by such discoveries as Peru, Mexico, California, Colorado, Nevada, Montana. Now comes Kootenay, excelling all these in its natural lines of communication, a difficult country to explore, a marvellously easy country to develop.

In size it is a Scotland, but stowed away in the south-east corner of British Columbia. The district is a chaos of mountains eight to ten thousand feet high, and for the most part densely timbered. In the midst of it is Kootenay Lake, a larger Como. On the Western side of the district steamers run up the Columbia River to the Canadian Pacific Railway, and down the same great stream to the Spokane Northern Railway in the State of Washington. Up the Kootenay River steamers connect the lake with the Great Northern Railway in Idaho. From the middle of the lake these three routes to the trunk railways average a hundred and sixty miles, but already a network of local lines is penetrating both from North and South into the heart of the district, and before long the new main line of the Canadian Pacific system is to cut across the entire country from East to West.

Nature has done everything for Kootenay. The grand cataracts from the Lake down to the Columbia River and a hundred mountain torrents furnish unlimited power only awaiting use. Mining-timber is so abundant that it is a wonder the mines were ever found. The Canadian Pacific main line will connect Kootenay direct with three competing coalfields. Again, in a country which stands like a house-roof there is, in many cases, no need for either shafts or pumping, because cheap and easy tunnelling not only taps every available reef of mineral, but drains off all the water.

With further development, great adit tunnels will tap the mountains at the very roots; and, meanwhile, wire-tramways are in use, so that mineral comes down from the summits by its own weight, dispensing with the heavy expenses of road-traction. And lastly, the country is under the Union Jack, as law-abiding as our home countries, with perfect security of life and property, an excellent code of mining law, and a pure Administration. Compare this with the Rand.

Against all this must be set the price of labour. There are no niggers, Chinamen, or available Indians. The people are for the most part citizens of the United States, and wages are the same as elsewhere in the West. The average Western miner's wage is about nine shillings a-day, and the cost of living may be set down roughly at a pound a-week.

The wealth of this region is but of recent discovery; indeed, nine years ago the mountains were entirely unexplored.

In 1824, long before gold had been discovered in California, the Hudson's Bay Company had a smelter on the Lake, where they cast their bullets.

In our illustration of the Bluebell Mine is shown that smelter, a square stone house with a pyramid roof, where the fur-traders cast, all unconscious, silver bullets for the killing of bears. In 1887 three American prospectors strayed out of the State of Washington into Canadian territory. One night they camped on the shoulder of a mountain some eight thousand feet above sea-level, and while tracking their missing horses next morning through deep drifts of snow they discovered the Silver King. This, the subject of our second illustration, has proved a magnificent property, the first of the great Kootenay mines. From that time to this, every year has witnessed the discovery of fresh belts of richly mineralised country. The Nelson Camp, surrounding the Silver King, produces both gold and silver, the Poor Man being first of the gold-mines to pay dividends. The Hendryx Camp, about the Bluebell Mine, shows great masses of low-grade



THE SILVER KING, FIRST OF THE GREATER DISCOVERIES.

"wet," or galena, ores. The Warm Springs Camp, above Ainsworth, has five great reefs, the lower slopes disclosing low-grade "wet" ores, the upper high-grade "dry" ores of silver.

Then, in 1890, came the discovery of Trail Creek, close by the United States boundary. Here the typical ore carries an average of 2.6 oz. of gold, with an ounce each of silver and copper. Here the amount of mineral in sight is so colossal that there has been a rush of mining-men from every part of the West. Rossland, the business centre of the camp, has in two years reached a population of over six thousand. But even Trail Creek is

not so rich or likely to yield such profits as the great silver region of which Slooan Lake is the focus. The principal business-centres are Sandon, Cody, Three Forks, and Kaslo, all considerable towns, but so new is the region that only one of these places is marked on the latest available map.

There are many other camps in the district and in the country adjacent, and dozens scattered throughout the 350,000 square miles which constitute the Province of British Columbia. Already Alberni, Texada, and Cariboo promise to rival the big quartz-mines of Kootenay. On New Year's Day there were one hundred and fifty mining and smelting companies operating in the Province, each with a nominal capital of £200,000 and upwards; but these are, of course, but a tenth part of the interests which are sufficiently capitalised to make good working mines. The output of 3,000,000 dollars last year only represents the prospecting stage of progress—the export of sample shipments, and it will still be several years before Kootenay settles down to regular business after the manner of Montana or Colorado.

Meanwhile, it is a significant fact that Americans have seized the first chances, because a Province with the population of a London suburb can have but little surplus capital to invest. A few large purchases last year indicate the first beginnings of Kootenay's London season, when the claims of American prospectors have, in the hands of American small capitalists, reached the stage of progress at which they attract the attention of the City.

KAFFIRS.

The record of the past week in the Kaffir Circus has been a dismal one. Substantially there is nothing to chronicle except moderate declines all round, and a crop of rumours changing from day to day. President Krüger has made up his little bill for the raid, we are told, and the amount at the bottom varies from half a million to a million and a quarter, according to the disposition of the narrator; next, Lord Rothschild has joined the Board of the Chartered Company; then there is to be a special claim against the Consolidated Goldfields for assisting the so-called Revolution, and so on, every day producing its own story, quite as unworthy of credit as the one that was invented for the day before.

The truth of the matter is that there is next to no business going on, and the devil always finds mischief for idle hands (or tongues) to do. The Commission may still further upset calculations on South African politics, may at any time produce an acute crisis; but, short of the unforeseen happening, it really looks as if speculative purchasers might buy and pay for some of the better class of shares with reasonable prospects of seeing an improvement.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

This huge recreative concern does not seem to make much headway. Indeed, the past year has been more than usually disappointing. The accounts, after providing for the interest on the First Debenture Stock, show a balance of only £22, which, added to the amount of £217 standing to the credit of Second Debenture Stock interest account, makes a total of £239 to be carried forward. The current year, however, promises to be more than usually attractive. There will be a Victorian Loan Exhibition, in commemoration of the completion of the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign. The triennial Handel Festival will also be held this year, as well as the Great Horse Show, a Grand Volunteer Tournament, and various important football matches.

A WESTRALIAN AMALGAMATION.

The amalgamation of the West Australian Exploring and Finance and the London and Globe Finance Corporations is now practically a *fait accompli*. The terms are open to criticism in many respects, and particularly as regards the enormous amounts of undivided (paper?) profits brought into the consolidated undertaking and thereby converted into capital. There is no doubt that both companies have been remarkably successful, but, except for such advantages as holders of shares might attain by a readjustment of capital, we fail to see where the improvement comes in. Neither the chairman nor other speakers were particularly successful in clearing up this very important point. The net result is that the founders get £610,000 of the new ordinary capital.

THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED.

The report of this well-known company must be very satisfactory, not only to the shareholders, but also to the policy-holders. After providing for all expenses, claims, and reinsurances, there is a clear gain of £50,940 on the year's working, and the balance-sheet shows the position to be very strong, while the accumulated funds have grown from £162,973 in 1895 to £201,414 at the end of 1896. On the whole, everybody connected with the corporation is to be highly congratulated upon a very successful year's working.

THE JOINTLESS RIM COMPANY.

When we noticed this prospectus we said that nine copies had been delivered at one private address. Three different persons each received three prospectuses. It has been explained to us that these came from entirely different sources, and that the firm who were responsible for the sending out of the prospectuses can in no way be blamed for the duplicates. We are only too pleased to give this explanation as much publicity as we did the original statement of fact.

NEW ISSUES.

The New Triumph Cycle Company, Limited.—The prospectus of this company reads very well, the certificate of profits is satisfactory, the capital moderate, and the whole venture appears to us a fair and straightforward industrial risk, out of which subscribers will probably do well. The company's product is well known and ranks high in the cycle world, while there is a lack of the savour of professional promoter about the whole affair which inclines us to recommend it.

The London Motor Van and Wagon Company, Limited.—Under this title a new company is offering for subscription 60,000 shares of £5 each. Among the directorate are, at least, two practical men, and the well-known firm of E. H. Bayley and Co. are to build the vans. If the motor business can be made remunerative, we imagine this company has a better chance of doing it than any of its predecessors.

The Asbestos and Asbestic Company, Limited.—As long ago as last November we alluded to this concern, which, from the names connected with it and the statements vouched for in the prospectus, appears almost to have the future of the asbestos trade in its hands. Whether the public, in its present mood, will subscribe the necessary capital we do not know, but if it does the concern should prove remunerative.

The Leather Shod Wheel Company, Limited.—This concern seems to us born before its time. We should have thought the proper course would have been for the vendors to execute the various trial orders mentioned in the prospectus and float the company afterwards. As it is, our readers will do well not to subscribe.

Saturday, Feb. 13, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. L. A.—We know no reason for you to sell the shares of either newspaper company. Both are doing well, and in the latter case the profits will show enough to pay the preference dividend about three times over. If you want investments with a reasonable certainty for your half-yearly dividends, you can sleep on both your concerns. We do not undertake "purchase and sale of shares." If you comply with Rule 5 as to private letters, we will give you the name of a firm of brokers who will do your business honestly. Good-paying and very safe companies are few and far between, for when they pay well, and are sure to go on, the price is usually high. You can buy *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. pref., or John Lovey's ordinary, or Northern Pacific Prior Lien bonds.

E. K.—The company is mixed up with the Chartered Company. It is a very respectable concern, but, in the present state of African affairs, we hesitate to advise you to buy more.

J. J. S.—We should not buy any mining shares at present if we were dealing with our own money.

R. M.—Both Banks are first-rate, and you might safely hold the shares, but, as with all such investments, there is a heavy liability on each share. We should not be afraid of it in the cases you mention. We think C. Arthur Pearson 5½ per cent. pref. shares very good holding, and we know the profits will show splendidly at the end of the financial year. The price is about 4½ to 4¾.

G. J. W.—We advise you to hold rather than sell at present. With the advent of McKinley there is a general expectation of an all-round improvement in Yankee things. Of course, there is a danger of the company going wrong, but we think the chances are rather for improvement.

SUBSCRIBER.—We can get no quotation for the shares in London. Write to Messrs. Staveacre and Walton, Stock Exchange, Manchester, and ask them if there is a chance of selling locally.

R. T. L. P.—(1 and 2) We doubt either of your Variety shares doing very much good. See answer to "Subscriber." (3) These shares, we think, will probably pay fairly well. (4) The price is 106 to 108. We think the debentures are all right.

ANGLO-ARGENTINE.—It is very difficult to estimate the things you want to know. The exchange is against you, and must make a difference to the company; but, on the whole, we should hold. Of course, the investment is a speculative one, but thought well of in the House.

POLESTAR.—We hear pretty much the same as the secretary states in his letter. At the present price you had better hold, although the Mining Market does not look cheerful. There are no buyers of anything about, and hence a little selling knocks the bottom out of prices.

POBREGA.—The lack of gold in the stone is the cause of all the trouble. There is plenty of ore, but very little of it is payable.

J. D.—We really cannot be responsible for the rise or fall in price of shares. Considering that the ones in question are only just under par, there is no need for alarm. The profits will be more than enough to satisfy you when the balance-sheet is made out. The cause of the fall is that a few people have sold and there are not many buyers about.

DISGUSTED.—We have sent you our correspondent's letter. Communicate with him.

SCOTIA.—See answers to "R. M." and "J. D." The company is doing very well.

SCOT.—If we knew of an investment in which there was a reasonable prospect of doubling our money by locking it up for a year or two, we should buy all we could lay our hands upon, and tell no one. The mines you name are good enough, but too high for us to expect the result you want.

J. D. P.—We have written to you.

CAVEAT EMPTOR.—In Government stocks you cannot get more than 2 per cent. Lion Brewery pref. will yield 3½ per cent.; Hodgson's Kingston second debentures, 3¼ per cent.; Combe and Co. pref., 3½ per cent.; New Westminster pref., 3½ per cent. We have confined our answer to London Breweries, because you say you are only to invest in them.

INVESTOR.—Yes, if you will pay for them and lock them up.

M.—(1) We think well of the stock at its present price for a speculative purchase. (2) See answers to "A. L. A.," "R. M.," and "J. D." We think as an investment they are first-rate. (3) Possibly for a quick and small profit, but the Commission and the evidence given from week to week may upset all calculations. (4) Both speculative. Gladiators, as a mine, we prefer, but it is doubtful in the present state of the market if you will make money by buying either. (5) Not a bad speculation.

CONSTANT READER.—We should not be sweet on either. Buy Peruvian Debentures if anything. The Honduras stuff is so cheap that, if you keep a look-out for the first talk of some arrangement with the bondholders, and get out, you might make money.

W. B.—You had better risk a bit more, and join the reconstruction. We don't expect you will ever get your money out of the mine, but you may find some fool to buy the new shares from you for more than the calls.

CELLO.—(1) Candidly, we don't think much of its chances. (2) Get out and pocket your loss. (3 and 4) Speculative. Nobody but insiders really know the truth. We should sell if the shares were our own.

RO.—(1) The buyer is entitled to the dividend. (2) It has been made out of promotions, not mining proper. We don't think the year 1897 will see anything like the same profits from this kind of thing. (3) You had better hold your Randfonteins.

H. R. S.—Have nothing to do with any of the people you mention; they are all three "touts" of the very worst class. Van den Berghs we prefer to the other company mentioned by you. The tip is to buy Machinery Trusts, the wise people tell us. John Lovey's ordinary might suit you, or the New Triumph cycle shares.

VIXEN.—(1) City of Auckland 6 per cent. 1930 or 5 per cent. 1931 bonds. (2) Imperial Continental Gas stock. (3) *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. preference shares. (4) Northern Pacific Prior Lien bonds. (5) Industrial Trust Unified stock. (6) Assam Railway and Trading 6 per cent. pref. In view of the Diamond Jubilee, you might, perhaps, buy a few Hotel Cecil 6 per cent. pref.